TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The death of Lawrence Barrett, the retirement of Edwin Booth and other losses the stage has recently suffered, have led the newspapers to comment on the scarcity of good actors, of men who admittedly hold a high place in Thespian art. The scarcity of star actors is not more noticeable than the scarcity of star editors. The qualifications for the two places are not unlike. The actor, to enchain his audience and to move them by his power, must be a man of very strong individuality, a close observer of nature and a hard student of his art. The editor, to have his name go out to the people, to have his work quoted and his individuality noticed, must also understand human nature. He must be a hard student, an indefatigable worker, though "grind" alone is not genius in his case; like the poet, he is born, not made. Throughout the United States there is a great army of actors, some of them exceedingly good in their *roles* and so pleasing to the public that their incomes are much greater than the average income of the successful editor. We hear of these men when they visit us, forget them when they go away. How few of the editors in America have achieved a continental reputation. We have heard of Horace Greeley, the younger Bennett—not because of his ability but because of his personal excesses. Pulitzer of the *World* is known as a successful publisher, but not as an editor. How many people in Canada or the United States suspect Dana of the *Sun* or Jones of the *Times* of writing the clever things in their respective papers? The late Horace Greeley was almost a solitary figure in American journalism. In Canada we had George Brown. Now we have whom? Mr. Farrer is no doubt the best known because he and his work were a part of the last political campaign. Then, what man is there on the daily press of this country, with power and individuality, who is influencing public opinion or doing anything noticeable towards shaping the policy of either the Government or Opposition? We have Goldwin Smith and a number of writers for American magazines, but their reputation is extremely limited and their influence trivial. There probably was never greater opportunity for star writers than at the present moment. Like actors, the country produces but few of them, and when they die the people are apt to say we shall never see their like again.

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Party journalism, no doubt, does much to rob the editor and writer of his power; but the truly great man, the man who has a strong, well equipped mind, clear insight into public affairs and a knowledge of men, cannot be kept in the background by party walls or the shackles of commercial interests. It is a part of greatness to surmount these things, to lead in spite of opposition, to enlighten ignorance and direct the minds which at first hear unwillingly. That we have no such journalistic leader in Canada but proves the scarcity of the material, for never before were the prizes in journalism so great or the place as leader accessible. The people, fortunately, are the jury which decides on such a man's greatness. Were it not so, I very much fear that the time will never come when the newspapers of this country would be willing to admit the supremacy of anybody.

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Mr. Campbell, the Equal Rights representative of East Durham in the Local Legislature, startled his confreres by moving an address to the Imperial Parliament, asking that this province should be at liberty to deal with our educational question in its entirety. In other words, he asks that we be given liberty to abolish Separate Schools if we so desire. Of course our Catholic friends are too well entrenched in the Mowat government to permit this motion to pass, but we shall at least have an exhibition of dodging and oratorical bunkum calculated to open our eyes as to who is master of the situation in Ontario. Ontario and Quebec are the only two provinces which are restrained in respect of education, and it would seem that the minority in both provinces should be able to take care of themselves instead of being tied together by the tail so that they may not bite one another.

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It is refreshing to find Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, who was given an opportunity to assert his present position at the banquet tendered him at Collingwood, adhering to his old determination to stand up for equal rights and non-sectarian, non-racial government. Everyone in Canada, except the particular sect and race which he has antagonized, watched with the keenest interest his campaign and rejoiced in his election. They will also follow him in his parliamentary career, and no one man, not even Sir John himself, will be more conspicuous than Mr. McCarthy. His is a hard place to fill. Criticism will be harsh, and commendation, by reason of the prevalence of partizanship, restricted and slow; but he is patient and the end of it all is not so far off as some may imagine.

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In the death of Alderman Gillespie, Toronto has lost one of her most useful citizens. Independence of character, courage and a capacity for public business are not plentiful anywhere, and in the City Council they are indeed rare qualities. Unfortunately, such qualities are seldom combined with that pleasing address and insinuating manner which popularize men. Mediocre and unfaithful men must of necessity advance themselves by that suave address with which a rugged character often disdains to cover itself. When he was alive and working hard for the interests of the city, it was the habit of many to charge Alderman Gillespie with being arbitrary and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. Now that he is dead, and we have lost one upon whom we relied for watchfulness and zeal, we see how trivial were his faults compared with his many virtues. The oily blandishments of ward politicians and self seekers have gotten too many men into the City Council, while ability and faithful public service have kept too few of those who have been elected to it from retirement either in disgust or before a more wily opponent.

There is no compliment which could be paid to a public servant greater than the sincere feeling that when he leaves us he will be missed. How very few men are useful in a public capacity to their fellow citizens; how few try to be useful; how few are willing to sacrifice their comfort and a portion of time from their business to serve the city? The pretensions of those who offer themselves are ordinarily so shallow, the service so weak, that when a strong, rugged character who has been relied upon as a critic, disappears from the council, there is a general expression of sorrow, and with one voice the public lament and say: "This is the end of a useful life."

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The banquet given to N. Clarke Wallace, M. P. for West York, on Tuesday evening, was a rare manifestation of the confidence and affection which may exist between a politician and his constituents. Mr. Wallace has represented West York for thirteen years, being barely elected at first; but his majority has grown until, in the last contest, it was eight hundred and six, this, too, at a time when the tendency of rural constituencies can hardly be said to have been in the direction of his party. To see Mr. Wallace in the bosom of his political family is a pleasure. Quiet-mannered, he seems to be in sympathy with every one; yet he is a man of strong views, as was shown by him standing with the historic Thirteen. His life and progress might well be studied by young politicians who desire to "get there," or find out how to "stay there." Mr. Wallace's ability and conciliatory methods are a rare example of tact and strength, and will doubtless before long give him a place in the Dominion government.

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It is to be regretted that the reorganization of our city government, which has been decided upon, had not better parentage and the fortune of birth under a brighter star. We have almost gotten to believe that no good can come out of the Nazareth of our mixers and muddlers, but possibly deliverance from the evil of our times is at hand. At any rate the citizens will hail with delight anything which promises a new order of things, and it is not hard to feel confident that it requires more ability than the present council possesses, to make matters any worse by a reorganization than they are at present.

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Sir Henry Tyler is having a lively time with Sir Charles Tupper and those Grand Trunk shareholders who are becoming convinced that a change is needed in the management of affairs. Englishmen are slow to believe that they do not know everything; it is an axiom in this country that the first thing an Englishman has to learn out here is that it is necessary for him to learn something. The Grand Trunk shareholders must have it pounded into their craniums that the head and front of their company must be in Canada. When they understand railroading as it is done on this continent, they will have taken the first step towards lifting their great enterprise from the secondary place to which it has been relegated by the Canadian Pacific. President Van Horne is on the ground watching every move, able to act promptly and with strength. More than half of the advantage he has over his great rival is the fact that the Grand Trunk has to run "Home" and ask its capitalistic mammy and self-sufficient president for permission to do what the Canadian head of it should have power to do without a moment's delay.

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The taking of the present census shows the same anomaly as the previous ones, namely, that officially no one is recognized as a Canadian even if his forefathers for three or four generations have been born here. Indians alone are considered Canadians. Everyone else must be English, Irish, Scotch, French or something else. Is it not time that Canada should produce Canadians and that the name of our nationality should be given a place in our own census returns? How can the name Canadian become respected abroad or loved and adopted at home if the government acts upon the assumption that there is no such thing. It is a disgraceful commentary upon the fact that those settling in Canada have not assimilated and become a national family when this, the mother upon whose breast we are nourished, cannot legitimatize her offspring by giving them her name. When Canadians go abroad it is not strange, under such tuition as we have had, that they claim to be Englishmen or Scotchmen, Irishmen or Frenchmen, instead of proudly asserting themselves as Canadians.

A writer in the Catholic *Review* now and then does me the honor of criticizing at some length such chapters of my work as come in conflict with his opinions. I cannot complain that his rejoinders are tinged with more than half the verbal acidity of which he appears capable, but I cannot say that I covet the polemic style in which he slashes at those with whom he disagrees. Nor does it seem to me conducive to the amenities of journalism when without proof, when, in fact, with all existing proof to the contrary, a writer asperses the motives of another and, forgetful of written evidence extending over many years, alleges the absence of a spirit of fair play in order to strengthen what at the moment is being written. Sixteenth century polemics may have permitted, but polite journalism of the nineteenth century does not permit the use of time-worn phrases and offensive words. For instance, and merely with regard to style, his reference to Toronto as "the spawning ground of religious bigotry," as a phrase is a "back number" which is ordinarily crossed out by the blue pencil of the editor of anything but a penny dreadful. In the next sentence, "a blot upon the fair face of Canada and a stain upon her noble escutcheon" is so old and so sophomorical that it would make the editor of a daily newspaper laugh, and the writer of it would be almost teased to death by his comrades of the reportorial staff. "Dastardly" and "cowardly" in the next sentence, while quite applicable to the attack of the mob on Archbishop Walsh, are not pretty, and my critic must be aware that such words are much better suited for a political argument in a country schoolhouse than for the columns of a religious paper. The phrases I am criticizing were not used with regard to myself, and I am puzzled to discover why, indeed, he has unearthed a number of the very unpleasant things of which he writes, except it be to make his article spicy, or to inflame the prejudices of those who are expected to read it.

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The selection from my article, which is taken as a text, is so fully and fairly quoted that I am quite willing to leave the whole matter in the hands of the readers of the *Review*, while at the same time thanking my friend for giving so just a statement of my case, in his quotation. Had he been more just in his strictures I should have made no reply. I also have to thank the writer in the *Review* for quoting what I said about Brother Jeffery. It is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing in the columns to which I refer, either as an original article or a reprinted one, any praise of the life and character of a Protestant clergyman. My critic says, however: "Mr. Jeffery may have been a good man, and in his narrow sphere as a Methodist parson undoubtedly did perform many charitable actions." One cannot help noticing that our broad-minded and Catholic friend does not admit that a Protestant is a good man, or likely to inherit the kingdom of Heaven. It would be against the rules of the church which he holds to be so much broader and more generous than Protestantism! Yet I must be stigmatized as narrow and bigoted because I pointed out that the council of a Protestant city that had honored a Catholic priest, might have had a word of mourning for the Methodist preacher whose sphere was not a narrow one, whose reputation was as wide as Canada itself, and whose charity was done without a question as to creed. True, as this writer points out, Brother Jeffery had a wife and child, and Father Laurent had neither. Brother Jeffery's wife for many years was beyond the dark river; her love and presence were but a memory, and the child a responsibility rather than a comfort. I shall not enter into an argument as to whether the possession of wife and child was not widening rather than narrowing, but I cannot accept the assertion of the *Review* that Mr. Jeffery's life was, as compared with Father Laurent's,

"As starlight unto sunlight,
As water unto wine."

In what sense could it be? Mr. Jeffery was pastor at various times of nearly every Methodist church in Toronto. His self-sacrifice and charities were universally admitted. If summoned to the bed of the dying he never refused, nor would creed, at the dreadful moment when the spirit is struggling to free itself, prevent him from administering every possible consolation to the sufferer or from burying the dead in the most consecrated ground of his church, without question. Now the *Review* cannot allege that the creed, which they consider so much wider than that of Father Jeffery, would permit the giving of consolation to those dying outside the pale of their church or the burial in their consecrated ground of unshriven dead. Which shows the greater breadth in this matter? for we must judge a man by his creed as well as by his life. Nor is this the only unfortunate comparison that the writer has made. In works of charity the Protestants of this city, while intolerant and bigoted in many respects, I admit, can well afford to compare their donations to Roman Catholic institutions with the donations of Roman Catholics to Protestant institutions. I feel sure Father Jeffery will have no reason, when his account is opened at the great White Throne, to blush when the liberality of any contemporary Catholic clergyman either in spiritual service or more material things to Protestants, is put in comparison with his givings to and ministrations upon Roman Catholics. Beautiful lives and good deeds lose their purity and worth if disputants drag them through the false lights of unseemly argument. But it seems to me that there can be a proper rivalry between Roman Catholics and Protestants as between individuals of the same church or those without church at all, as to who shall excel in doing good and in being good. I shall be indeed glad to see the time come when doctrinal disputes between religious bodies shall give way to a more noble rivalry, and I feel quite sure that if the church to which my friend of the *Review* is so ardently attached, were less aggressive in secular affairs, I should seldom indeed be called up by him for rebuke.

DON.

GUESTS OF THE KENNEL.

Social and Personal.

"I wish you'd write about hostesses in your society column and tell just what a hostess ought to be!" is the mild request of an unknown enemy. Ah, the perfect hostess, isn't she hard to describe? She must have thought for everything without worry or wear, she must know the nicest people and sort them carefully, and gently impel them toward each other as her tact and motor wit tell her they will be happiest. She must be mistress of herself, not in the old-fashioned catastrophe of falling china, but between the Scylla and Charybdis of a bad-tempered superior and an unhappy or shy *debutante*. She must have pretty smiles and honeyed words and gentle hand-clasps for each and every of her guests, likes she them or likes she them not! She must know when to help and when to let alone the affairs of all and sundry. She must glide into a corner by the cross old lady, who is nothing if not aristocratic, and murmur little gurgles of gratitude and satisfaction at her advent, and she must ejaculate: "So sweet of you," as the reigning belle crosses her hospitable threshold. She must remember the particular *penchant* of every one of her own and her husband's male friends, and keep the listening ear and the twinkling eye for the major's racy scandal and the grave attentive face for the confidences of the newly fledged lawyer or parson. She must know enough not to interrupt a rubber, and she must have supper ready the very moment it is finished. She must know how to play dance music and to accompany a ballad and a romanza and a

comic song. She must sing, alto perferably. She must wear her plainest gowns lest she outshine her company. She must bear all things, believe all things, hope all things and endure all things, like that charity which is not easily provoked. She must know how to be choice without ostentation, and *chic* without effort. She may be original, if she will be very careful no one finds it out. She knows that, to clear-headed people, nothing is so annoying as to find themselves one of an admiration party, flattering their entertainer as her latest composition in music or fancy-work or goodies of more substantial sort is displayed for their praise. She must never grow weary nor impatient, no matter how many things she is asked to do, but remain always bright, alert, sympathetic, self-forgetting. Ah, do you know her? Then fall down and worship her, for she is almost too good for this wicked world.

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The Grenadiers' Assembly, Thursday of last week, was the most successful and enjoyable of the three dances given by our gallant defenders during the past season. The floor was perfect—too perfect, I heard one or two complain, but I found it just right. The crowd was not too great; the spacious and comfortable refreshment rooms upstairs were the most pleasant that could be imagined, and everyone, from the small drummer boy who scared you out of a year's growth with his sudden rat-tat on the landing, reminding the truant conscience of the waiting partner downstairs, to the bonniest and most exalted officer in his bob-tail and gold buttons, seemed in the spirit of happiness. There were pretty gowns and lovely women by the dozen. A little bird (in a shell jacket) pointed out two or three to me as real Parisian creations. I noticed for myself the gauzy gray-green one, with velvet spots as

Boudoir Gossip.

There are two kinds of women in the world who demand a good deal of hating—the inquisitive woman and the detracting woman. You know the first kind. She just merely asks, and only wants to know, and unless you're a mistress of tact and self-control she worms things out of you or makes you rude and abrupt in your refusal to tell her. She *is* the kind of creature you can't quarrel with, for she is almost always good-natured and apologetic and forgiving, and you have to hit her very hard indeed before you can make her feel enough to get angry with you. She comes to call on you very early in the afternoon, because she needs a *tete-a-tete* to develop her peculiar style of torture, and she nails you to the rack with persistent inquiries about your handsome brother's matrimonial intentions, spiced with remarks about his proverbial fickleness, and she asks your opinion about various mutual friends, and she sometimes gives you yourself a catechising as to what rent you pay and who your dressmaker is, and you wiggle, and rage, and parry, and fib, and finally, if you are as peppery as I, you say something very decided, and your torment is ended.

*

Then comes the detractor—and she is almost worse than her fellow-plague. When you speak in terms of warm admiration of some sweet *debutante*, she says so gently and mildly, "Yes, she *is* pretty. At school we always called her the Sleeping Beauty, she was so dull. Actually, at graduating time, she had to pretend to be ill and avoid the exams. She really knows nothing!" Or when you praise the grace and *esprit* of some other, she sighs and remarks, "Isn't it just wonderful? Those girls are a perpetual surprise to me. How did they ever shake themselves clear of their ancestors?—people in the rag and bottle line, or something like it!" or when madame floats by in the waltz, with beauty and symmetry and smiles, your crow caws, with a sneer, "There is a married woman who never seems to have enough attention. It's a good thing she has money. If she were poor!" and having left her baleful trail over that sweet presence she mercifully takes herself away. I sometimes wish one dared seize upon these two types of womankind and compel them, with strong words and strong similes and strong shakings, to see just how mean and dangerous they are.

*

I made a little child-friend angry with me one day lately, and I must tell you how he freed his mind. It was so cute of him. After his snubbing he betook himself to the window, where an ornamental gilded hook holds back the lace draperies. He whirled the hook round two or three times, then bending towards it he cried, "Hell-llo—are you there?" Silence while he received an imaginary reply, then, "Hell-ll-o—don't you think Lady Gay is a mean sneak? I do. Good-bye," and he rang off his convenient telephone.

*

I have had by me for some time an indignant letter from a lady, complaining very strongly of the want of conversational powers of her visiting friends. "They talk about their servants all the time, and as I haven't got one, I am out of it!" she says naively, which means, if it means anything, that in lacking the servants madame is left subjectless.

What funny visits she must pay, and what strange people know! Let me see! I have had several visitors to-day. I wonder if the servant question was mentioned? Nay, verily, not once. One talked of her children and their ailments, one told me about her life in Brussels, with another I talked "shop," and the others discussed the parties, the fashions, plans for the summer, a new book, our pet charity, our next club night. I don't care anything about their servants, nor they about mine, and I don't think the subject is ever likely to compose the basis of our conversation. I can quite sympathize with madame in her trial, but is she so stupid, or so shy, or so ill-informed, or so secluded in her life that she can't start some topic her own self, and lead her friends to air themselves upon it? Judging from her vigorous language she has lots of go and a thirst for better things. She says she is called "old-fashioned," because she doesn't go in debt and takes good care of her family. Dear lady, such sterling virtues will never go out of fashion! To anyone in the plight of my much tried correspondent I should say, "Read the papers, (they don't take long and the family won't be much neglected), talk with your husband, get ideas, air them, cultivate kindly patience even with these servant-ridden friends of yours, and ten to one, some day you will be amazed to hear that you are a clever creature and such a pleasant woman to call upon!"

*

I read the utterances of a fellow-scribbler in the *Empire* upon the subject of women bicyclists last Saturday, with a great deal of interest. It is such fun, girls, and such delightful exhilarating exercise, such healthful happy pastime. That little talk of Faith Fenton's made me very homesick for a short while. Shall I tell you what it recalled to me? Sweet-scented Devon and Somerset lanes hedged with banks of wild vines and flowers, smooth roads, faintly flavored breezes coming salt and pure from the blessed sea, and we two on a Tandem cycle wheeling blissfully through the fair land. And I felt a wild desire to rush into town and possess myself of one of those fairy steeds, and go gliding—— Ah, where! On my nose I fancy! For two wheels are more cranky than four, and even on four I never had to ride alone! But, like my worthy sister scribe, I am going to try it before long, if all goes well.

*

"I have such a headache," said a pretty friend to me as we began our evening toilettes the other night, while her face looked weary and her eyelids drooped. So I determined to try my hot water cure upon her. First I fastened her hair up high and bared her white neck, then I placed a bath sponge, wet in very hot water, across the back of her head from ear to ear, and gently sponged up behind her ears. The strained muscles relaxed, the overtired nerves quieted deliciously, and in five minutes the headache was gone. It never fails to give relief, this simple treatment, when weariness is the great first cause of the malady.

Here is the latest from the *enfant terrible*. An elderly lady, who aims to preserve her youth and who is still unwed, was closely eyed by the small boy at a party the other evening. Finally he edged up to her and inquired, "Say, are you Noah's wife?" "No, my dear boy. Why do you ask?" "'Cos Pa said you came out of the Ark!" Curtain.

*

What makes a successful party, and why is it that after some evenings we go home weary, bored, dissatisfied, we don't know why, and from other houses we come exhilarated, chattering, laughing at nothing, full of good wishes to all mankind? Looking back upon a season's outing, one can smile yet over the good times and shrug ones shoulders over the stupid ones. I have been introduced when I didn't want to be, and left out in the cold of formality when I wanted ever so much to try the mettle of some promising steel. I have sat still when I wanted to dance, played cards when I wanted to talk, talked when I wanted to listen, danced when I longed for the cosy corner and the intelligent or amusing or gossipy partner, and here and there, amid all this criss-cross and aggravation, I have had some what our Yankee neighbors call "elegant times." Who shall give the reason for this thusness? And as for the ingredients necessary to the making of the aforesaid elegance, who shall give them names? Is it the hostess who provides your amusement beforehand, or the hostess who inspires it as she goes, or the hostess who doesn't trouble herself to amuse you at all? Is it the people you meet, or the clothes you wear, or the conversation or the supper? No! In my memory rise the most absurd contradictions of all four. I have been let alone, and chased round to amuse myself, have worn a shabby old gown, and enjoyed myself in a hearty way quite unbefitting my years and experience, and finally—I give up the conundrum.

Among the many reminiscences which flock from the dark ways of long ago, when I set ajar the doors of memory land, comes one this week as I read of the death of the greatest humbug and the most successful showman on earth, P. T. Barnum. Close to Fifth avenue, in busy New York, was, some twenty-eight years ago, a covered wagon way where three small girls were skipping. People made a short cut of it sometimes and stopped for the moment the children's play, and spoiled many a lovely skip when the skipper was breathlessly trying to "go a hundred." After two or three of these provoking interruptions the small girls decided to bar the passage for the next comer. He came, walking briskly, with a light springy tread, a homely man, as I remember, and the youngsters who were turning the rope shouted defiantly, "Must wait till she skips a hundred. Can't get thro' before." And I skipped and skipped until my feet lagged and tripped, and the homely man said good-naturedly, "I used to skip when I was small. Give me a turn, girls." And laughing, expectant of a speedy downfall, we gave him good fair turns, and he skipped and skipped, and presently stood still, wiping the perspiration from his face, and saying in a patronizing way, "I beat you three skips. Now you can tell your friends you've turned a skipping rope for Barnum." I have often thought of that day and the cool alley way and the perspiring man and the three gaping youngsters, the greatest of whom was

LADY GAY.

My Lady's Coach.

My lady hath a sable coach
And horses two and four;
My lady hath a gaunt bloodhound,
That runneth on before.
My lady's coach has nodding plumes;
The coachman has no head.
My lady's face is ashen white,
As one that long is dead.

" Now, pray step in," my lady saith,
" Now, pray step in and ride!"
" I thank thee, I had rather walk
Than gather to thy side."
The wheels go round without a sound
Of the tramp or turn of wheels;
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

" Now, pray step in," my lady saith,
" Now, prithee, come to me,"
She takes the baby from the crib,
And sets it on her knee.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels;
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

" Now, pray step in," my lady saith,
" Now, pray, step in and ride;"
Then, deadly pale, in wedding veil,
She takes her her bride.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels;
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

" Now, pray step in," my lady saith,
"There's room, I wot, for you."
She waved her hand, the coach did stand,
The squire within she drew.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels;
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

" No, pray step in," my lady saith,
" Why should thou trudge afoot?"
She took the gaffer in by her,
His crutches in the boot.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels;
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

I'd rather walk a hundred miles,
And run by night and day,
Than have that carriage halt for me,
And hear my lady say
" Now, pray step in, and make no din,
I prithee, come and ride.
There's room, I trow, by me for you,
And all the world beside."

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.

"SOME DIM DERISION OF MYSTERIOUS LAUGHTER."

While Mr. Gilstone, the rector of Lowcombe, whose worst vice was procrastination, was meditating a ceremonious call upon his new parishioners, accident anticipated his design, and brought him face to face with the young woman whose morals and cotton frocks had met with such drastic treatment at Mrs. Donovan's Thursday tea-drinking.

Sauntering in the rectory garden on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Gilstone's keen glance was attracted by a figure seated near an old, old tombstone in a corner of the church yard where the rectory wall, in all its wealth of foliage, made an angle with the willowy bank of the river. The sunlight on the white cambric frock gave that seated form and bent brown head an air of something supernal, as it were Dante's divine lady in the light of Paradise. The rector stepped upon a little knoll that was level with the top of the wall in order to look down upon the lady sitting on the grass.

Yes, it was Mrs. Hanley—that Mrs. Hanley of whose antecedents and present way of life Lowcombe spoke shudderingly. He could just distinguish the exquisite profile under the shady straw hat, he could see the small and delicate ear, transparent in the sunlight, the perfect curve of the throat rising from a loosely tied lace handkerchief, the graceful lines of the slender girlish figure in the plain white frock. No art had been used to enhance that perfect beauty, and none was needed. The purity of the white gown, the simplicity of the Tuscan hat, were in harmony with that placid and ideal loveliness.

"Poor child, I hope with all my heart all is well with her," mused Mr. Gilstone, as he stepped down from the grassy knoll, and strolled to the gate opening into the churchyard, and then with quiet step made his way to the tomb against which Hester was sitting, on a grassy ridge, over which periwinkle and St. John's wort had been allowed to run at will, but in cutting the crumbling gray stones and clothing the cumbrous early Georgian sepulchre with fresh young beauty. This was a corner of God's acre in which the rector permitted a careless confusion of picturesque foliage, a certain artistic neglect, which was part of his plan.

The lady was reading, and on looking down at her book, Mr. Gilstone saw that she was reading Shelley's Alastor.

She looked up at the sound of his footfall among the leaves, and then calmly resumed her reading. He drew nearer, hat in hand.

"Allow me to introduce myself to Mrs. Hanley," he said, in his mild pleasant voice. "I have been meaning to call upon you and Mr. Hanley for a long time, but carelessness and procrastination are the vices of old men. Seeing you just now from my garden I thought I might snatch the opportunity of making friends with you here on my own ground."

She had risen in confusion, blushing violently, with a scalding rush of crimson over brow and cheeks, and her heart beat like the alarms of a suffocating force. A criminal upon whose shoulder the law had just laid its iron hand could hardly have suffered more. In a moment the astute Hester Davenport realized what it was to be a social pariah. It was as if she had awakened suddenly from a dream of bliss to find herself alone in the cold workaday world, face to face with a judge who had power to denounce and punish.

"Pray, sit down," said the old man, "and let us have a little chat."

He seated himself on the low boundary wall—lowest just at this part of the churchyard, where the fairy spleen-wort grew in every chink of the crumbling stones.

"You have been my neighbors for some time," said the rector, "and yet I have seen so little of you. I am sorry you don't come to my church—but perhaps you have conscientious objects to our simple village services, and you go further afield."

"We do not go to any church," Hester faltered. "It would be only hypocrisy if we were to join in services which have very little meaning for us. We honor and love the gospel for all that is true and beautiful in it, but we cannot believe as you and your congregation believe, and so it is better to stop away from church."

"You are very young to have joined the great army of unbelievers," said the rector, with no change in the gentleness of his tone, or the friendly light of his eyes. He had heard too many young people prattle of their agnosticism to be particularly shocked or startled at the words of unbelief from these girlish lips. "Were you brought up in a household of infidels—were your early impressions unbelievers?"

"Oh, no, I was once a Christian," she answered, with a stifled sob. "I once believed without questioning—believed in the divinity of Christ, believed that He could cure the sick and raise the dead, believed that He was near me at all hours of my life, nearest when I was in deepest sorrow."

"And when did you cease to believe in His presence—when did you first conceive that a Saviour who could pity your sorrows and understand your temptations?"

"Doubt came gradually, with thought, and thinking over the thoughts of others far wiser than myself."

"Mr. Hanley, your husband, in an agnostic, I take it?"

The drooping head bent a little lower; the hand on the open book turned a leaf or two with a restless movement.

"He does not believe in miracles," she answered reluctantly.

"Not in a life to come—nor in an Almighty God to whom we are all accountable for our actions. I know the creed of the youthful Freethinker—universal liberty; liberty to do low the bent of his own desires and his own passions wherever they may lead him; and for the rest the Gospel of Humanity—the mean tall talk about the grandeur and wisdom of man in the abstract, combined with a comfortable indifference to the wants and sorrows of man in the concrete, man at Bethnal Green or Haggerstone. Oh, I know what young men are," exclaimed the rector, with indignant fervor. "how shallow, how crude, how ready to absorb the floating opinions of their day, and to take ready-made ideas for the results of original thought. Frank, too, Mrs. Hanley, it is only since your marriage that you have been an infidel?

Hester faltered a reluctant "Yes."

And then, after a brief pause, she began to plead for the man she idolized.

"Indeed, he is not shallow or ignorant," she said. "He has thought long and deeply upon the religions of the world, has brooded over those instincts which lead the hopes and desires of all of us to a life beyond—an unseen universe. He is not a strong man—he may never live to be old—indeed I sometimes fear he will not, and we have talked often and often long about that other world which we once believed in. We should be so much happier if we could believe—if we could hope that when death parts us it will not be for ever. But how can we hope for the impossible—how can we shut our eyes to the revelations of science—the fixed, immutable laws which govern all, on every side, and show us of what we are made and what must be our end."

"Dust we are, and to dust we must return," said the rector, "but do you think there is nothing outside the dust—nothing that will survive and ripen to more perfect life when this poor clay is under the sod. Do you think that the innate belief of all human kind carries no moral weight against the narrow laws of existence under the conditions and restrictions in which we know it; conditions and restrictions which may be changed in a moment by the fiat of Omnipotence as the earth is changed by an earthquake or the ocean by a storm. Who, looking at the placid, smiling sea could conceive the fury and the force of a tempest if he had never seen one? You would find it as difficult to believe in that level water lifted mountains high or in the racing surf, as to believe in the survival of intellect and identity, the passage from a known life into an unknown life hereafter. The philosophers of these latter days call the unknown the unknowable, or the unthinkable, and suppose they have settled and made an end of everything which they cannot understand. But I am not going to preach sermons out of church, Mrs. Hanley, I am much more interested in you than in your opinions. At your age opinions change, and change again—but the personality remains unchanged to the same. Even if you and your husband don't come to church you are my parishioners, and I want to know more of you. I hope you both like Lowcombe?"

"Oh, it is far more than liking. We both love the place."

"And you mean to live among us? You will not grow tired of the river, even when winter sheds a gentle gray mantle over all that is now so brilliant? There are people who say they are fond of the country—in summer. Take my word for it, the souls of these people never go far from Oxford street. To love the country one must know and admire every phase and every subtle change of every season. Speaking from a long deep one should be able to say at the first glance across the woods and hills—'this is mid October or this is March.' One should know the country almost as one's self. You are not one of those who only care for a midsummer landscape, I hope?"

"No, indeed, I love the country always—and I hate London."

The shudder with which the last words were spoken gave no certainty to the sincerity.

"You have not been happy in London," said the rector, his quick ear catching a deeper meaning than the words expressed.

"I have been very unhappy there."

"And here you are quite happy. As a girl you had troubles in your surroundings were not all you could wish; but your wedded life is perfectly happy, is it not?"

"Utterly happy."

"Come to church, then, my dear Mrs. Hanley. Come and kneel in our village church—the old, old church, where so many have knelt, and received that holy, holy, and sweet comfort in affliction. Come and give thanks to God for your happiness. It is not for you, who scarcely know what mankind means, to refuse to believe in a God because His existence cannot be mathematically demonstrated. Your very heart must tell you that you have cause to God—a conscience outside your own conscience, a wisdom above your own wisdom. Come and kneel among us, and give God thanks that your lines have been set in pleasant places—and, since I am told you are rich, come and work among our poor. It is good for the young and prosperous to be brought into contact with the old and needy. If you go among our cottagers at first as a duty, and perhaps thinking it an unpleasant duty, you will soon learn to love the work for its own sake. There is sweetness in your face that tells me your heart will open to the sunlight of love."

"I love visiting the poor," Hester answered, brightening a little at this suggestion. "I have been particularly fond of visiting sick—and I should like to go about among your cottagers—if—if my husband"—she faltered at the word, in spite of all those broader ideas which Gerard had taught her—"if my husband will let me."

"He could hardly refuse you the happiness of making others a little happier—you who possess all the material elements of happiness in superabundance. I feel assured Mr. Hanley will consent to your devoting a few of your leisure hours to my cottagers. I will only send you to wholesome cottages, and really deserving people. But, as they are all good churchmen, I want you to come to church first. They are sure to talk to you about the church services, and you will be embarrassed, and they will be shocked if you have to say that you never go to church. I can't tell you what that means to simple people, for whom church is the ante-chamber of Heaven. To them it is anathema maranatha, the abomination of desolation."

"I cannot go to church," said Hester, with averted face.

"Not even to thank God for your happy life, for your marriage with the man you love?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then, my dear young lady, you lead me to think that there is something happy indeed for which you dare not thank God; or in plain speech that you are not Mr. Hanley's wife."

Her sobs were the only answer. All those grand theories of universal liberty, of virtue that knew not law, which she had taken to her heart of late, all she had learned in second hand from Gerard, and at first hand from Shelley, vanished out of her mind, and she sat by the rector's side crushed by the weight of her sin, as deeply convinced of her own shame and worthlessness as she who knelt amidst the accusing Pharisees and waited for the punishment of the old law, unexpectant of the new law of mercy.

"I am sorry for you, my dear young lady, deeply and truly sorry. You were not born for a life of degradation."

"There is no degradation," protested Hester, through her tears; "my love for him and his for me is too complete and true ever to mean degradation. He has read much and thought much, and has got beyond old codes and worn out institutions. I am as much and as truly his wife as if we had been married in your church yesterday."

"But you are not his lawful wife, and other wives, down to the humblest peasant woman in this village, will think badly of you, and all Christian women will think you a sinner—a sinner to be pitied and loved perhaps, but a sinner all the same. Why should that be? There is no such sin in life, I hope? Mr. Hanley is not a married man?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Thank God, then. Then he must marry you. It will be my duty to put the matter before him in the right light."

"Oh, pray do not interfere," exclaimed Hester. "He would think I had come to you to complain—he would love me less, perhaps—would think me ungrateful, would pity her only for myself. There is nothing in life I care for but his happiness, and he is perfectly happy in my love. He is a man so absorbed to him, that I would give my life for him—"

"You have given your honor—that to such a woman as you is sometimes more than life."

"Yes, more a thousand times more than life."

"Then, my dear girl, I could not count the cost of either for his sake."

"And he must be a villain if he can refuse to give you your place in the position from which you have fallen—for his sake."

"It will come—it will come in time—I feel that he will do what is right—in his own good time."

"You cannot afford to wait for that. You are far too good to occupy your present position for another day or hour, unless your betrayer will consent to make wrong right. Pray trust me, my dear young lady. Though I am a rustic I have seen something of human nature, and I will act with discretion. I will not be precipitate."

"I would much rather you did not speak—you don't know him. He is wayward and fanciful—you may turn him against me—and we are so happy now—utterly happy—and it may be only for a short time. He has been told that he may not live long. When he has gone all my life may be one long repentance—one long atonement for having made his last years happy."

"My poor child, women have a natural bent for self-sacrifice, which too often leads them into sin. Come, come, my dear, don't cry; and remember, whatever may happen, I mean to be your friend."

Hester sighed. The circle of perfect love—that narrow, isolated spot in the universe in which she had been living for the last seven weeks, was broken in upon suddenly from the outside world, and everything in this golden dream of hers took new lights and new colors when looked at by other eyes. In that sweet solitude of two, they had been like Hero and Leander, like Rosalind and Orlando, like any two creatures who exist only for each other and for whom all the rest of creation is no more than a picturesque background to that dual life. Love in its first brief intensity scarcely believes in that outer world.

"Yes, my dear, however this story of yours may end—and I hope and believe it will not end badly—you may rely upon my friendship," said the rector, "and if you want a woman's help or counsel my old maiden sister will not withhold her own. When the world, many thirty years younger I had a young wife whom I adored, and who had something of your complexion and a baby daughter like you. Before my little girl was three years old God took her, and her mother, who had been in weak health from the time of the child's birth, died within a year of our loss. Those two angel faces have followed me down the vale of years. I never see a child of my daughter's age without a little thrill of tenderness or pity. I never see an interesting girl of your age without thinking of my little girl—had she grown up like her. So you see, Mrs. Hanley, I have a reason for being interested in you over and above my duty as a parish priest."

"You are all that is kind," faltered Hester, "and I wish I were worthier—"

"It is not you who are unworthy. No, I will say no more, lest I should seem harsh to one you love. May I walk part of the way home with you?"

"I shall be very pleased to have your company, but I have a boat close by."

"Then let me take you to your boat?"

He went with her to a little reedy inlet, where she had moored her dingby, and he stood on the bank and watched her as she sculled the light boat away towards the setting sun, with the easy air of one used to the work.

"Poor child," sighed the rector. "How strange that one is so apt to feel more interested in a sinner than in a saint. It is the mystery of human life that taxes one's fancy, yet always suggests an appeal to pity, against the saint's confidence in her own holiness. I suppose that is why Mary Magdalene is the most popular character in the Gospel."

Hester rowed slowly up the sunlit river, creeping close in shore by the stunted willows which spread their low arms across the water. She crept into the shadow as the wounded deer creeps away to die, stricken to the heart by her conversation with the rector. It was the first time she had been brought face to face with stern reality since she had allowed her love to lead her by the hand into the fool's Paradise of unsanctioned love. He had taught her to believe that the sanction meant very little, and that the loyalty and tenderness of a mutual attachment were an all-sufficient proof of its purity; but these modern views of his did not stand by her for a quarter of an hour under the earnest interrogation of a village parson. All her old-fashioned ideas, her reverence for God's word, her shrinking from man's disdain, rushed back into her mind, and Philosophy and Free Thinking were scattered to the winds. She stood confessed a woman dishonored by the sacrifice love had exacted from her. She looked back to those quiet evenings by the river, when she and her father had walked up and down in the starlight, with Gerard Hillsmedon beside them, sympathetic, respectful almost to reverence. Ah, what bliss it had been to listen, or to talk with him in that tranquil hour, when the shades (den of dull) care had been laid down! What calm and unalloyed happiness, without thought or fear of the future—without regret for the past.

How altered now were her thoughts, when to look back upon the past was horror, when to think of the future filled her whole being with aching fear.

This had been one of her rare days of solitude, and it was ending badly. Gerard had left London after their leisurely breakfast, and was not to return till the night of his dinner. Business or whim had urged him to spend a day in the metropolis—to lunch at one of his clubs, and to hear the gossip of town and country from men who were "passing through"—to breathe that more piquant atmosphere of the world in which everybody knows everybody and talks about everybody, and yet makes the quiet of the country would be all the more delicious, he told himself, after that brief glimpse into the dust and movement of the town.

Hester had not pouted or looked sorrowful at his departure, but the day had been long; and now this change meeting with the rector had filled her with sadness and apprehension—dread lest he should break the second hand from Gerard, and at first hand from Shelley, vanished out of her mind, and she sat by the rector's side crushed by the weight of her sin, as deeply convinced of her own shame and worthlessness as she who knelt amidst the accusing Pharisees and waited for the punishment of the old law, unexpectant of the new law of mercy.

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spirits in this world have gone along with hearts utterly and innately bad."

. . . . . .

They were taking tea on the lawn a day or two after this conversation, their rustic table and restful wicker chairs grouped under a great weeping ash which had once been the chief feature of the cottage garden, when a boat shot rapidly towards the rustic landing stage, and a lissom form appeared upon the steps, and came with airy footsteps, mercurial, vivid as light, across the close-shorn turf.

"At last!" cried Justin Jermyn. "I thought I could not be mistaken."

"In whom, or in what?" asked Gerard, starting to his feet and contemplating the unbidden guest with a most forbidding frown.

"In my old friend Mr. Hanley. I am staying with Matt Muller, the landscape painter, on his house-boat hard by Wargrave; and I heard casually, the description of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Hanley, who are in some wise a mystery to the neighborhood—the lady exquisitely beautiful (with a bow and a smile for Hester), the gentleman inordinately rich, young, idle—all that my dear friend Gerard is, in short. So I made a shrewd guess as to Mr. Hanley's identity, and—me voici. Pray present me to Mrs. Hanley."

He stood before them smiling, self-assured, light as Ariel himself, clad from top to toe in white, and with glints of sunlight in his blonde hair, and a delicate transparency in his blonde complexion, untouched by wind or weather. He looked as if nothing were further from his thoughts than the suspicion that his company could be in any wise distasteful.

Hester had risen in confusion, and stood leaning a little against one of the low branches of the ash, blushing painfully. This was the first visitor who had broken the spell of their sweet solitude, and, as in her meeting with the rector, she felt again the sharp bitter sense of being brought face to face with that outer world which could but think ill of her.

"Mr. Jermyn—my wife," said Gerard, gravely, with emphasis upon the word wife.

Justin Jermyn dropped into one of the low chairs, settled himself in a nest of dainty Moorish cushions, and waited to be refreshed with tea, which Hester prepared for him with hands which trembled a little despite her efforts at self-control. In her conversation with the rector the sense of the old man's fatherly pity had been more than she could bear without tears. In the presence of Justin Jermyn that which she felt was the sense of a hidden malignity, the consciousness of being despised and made light of by the man who fawned upon her.

She handed him his cup in silence, offered him the light dainties from the prettily decked table with the air of performing a social duty in which her inclination had no part, and when she had done this she opened a big Florentine umbrella, and walked slowly away, leaving the two men under the ash.

"How shy she is," said Jermyn, looking after her, "and how lovely. Even your rapturous tirades had hardly prepared me for so much beauty. Yes, it is the true Raffaelle face—the transparent purity of coloring—the delicate and unobtrusive features."

"Why did you hunt me down here?" demanded Gerard, rudely breaking in upon these encomiums. "Do you suppose that when a man has made a paradise for himself—remote and secret—he wants to be intruded upon by—"

"The serpent," interrupted Jermyn. "Perhaps not. Yet the serpent always finds his way in through some gap in the hedge. And after all there must be limits to the pleasures of a dual solitude. Love may remain unchanged, but ideas become exhausted, and the *tete-a-tete* begins to bore. If the serpent hadn't upset everything at an early stage in their union, how heartily sick of Eden Adam and Eve must have become by the time Cain and Abel were weaned. "Don't be angry, Gerard. Granted that I am a pushing cad, and that I go where I like to go rather than where I am wanted. I come to you with all the news of the town—of the world—fresh in my mind, the scandals, and follies, and the social entanglements of which your newspapers tell you nothing. You can surely put up with me for an hour or so."

Gerard put up with him till midnight. He dined at the Rosary, and the little dinner of three had a gaiety which the *tete a tete* dinners had somewhat lacked lately. Even Hester was amused by a style of conversation that was new to her, and the unpleasant effect of Mr. Jermyn's personality wore off, and was almost forgotten. He evidently liked and admired Gerard, and that was much in his favor.

The moon was at the full, silvering wood and meadow, river and islet, as they bade the visitor good night, and stood and watched him row down the stream towards Wargrave, a ghost-like figure in his white raiment, under that cold white light.

"He amused you, Gerard," said Hester, as they walked slowly back to the house. "I was glad to hear you laugh so merrily. We have been too serious of late—our books have saddened us."

"Yes, they all tell the same story; that nature is everything and we are nothing. Jermyn is an amusing rascal, and as I told you yesterday, I like him well enough when I am with him."

"You called me your wife when you introduced him to me," murmured Hester, hiding her face upon his shoulder. "You will never let him find out that I am—anything less than your wife—will you Gerard?" I feel as if that man's scorn would wither me."

"His scorn! My dearest, he admires you beyond measure, and do you think he is the kind of man to be influenced in his opinion of any woman by a marriage certificate? He knows that I adore you. He shall never know anything else about us but that we are devoted to each other. And if he is ever wanting in reverence for you, in the smallest degree, he shall never enter our house again."

(To be Continued.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of imitations.

Ward McAllister.

There was an old fellow whose book
Was expected to show that he took
Quite the "lead" in "Society."
It is vain to deny it, he
Proved himself only a cook.

Ibsen.

A playwright from far Scandinavia
Was distressed at the world's bad behavior,
But he took a great drop
When the people said "stop,
There's a diner—get a hair-cut and shave yer!"

Cleopatra.

There was once an actress named Sadie,
Who owned a pet asp named O'Grady,
And the asp, every night
Was encouraged to bite
This agreeable and elegant lady.

Bismarck.

There was an old man of Varzin—
He is out, but he used to be in—
When he hollered and cried,
The Emperor replied:
"My friend, you won't git thar agin."

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Marrying for Love.

From his earliest childhood, Lord Purefoy had the benefit of every good example and precept which money could procure. His mother, left a widow with her only child, could not bring herself to expose him to the temptations of a public school, but had his grounded in Latin by a governess, whose high moral character and educational powers were attested by three duchesses, and intrusted him subsequently to the care of a gentleman who, as a Fellow of Balliol and chaplain to a bishop, had earned and deserved a reputation for all desirable knowledge and virtue. Immediately before Lord Purefoy reached the age at which he became qualified to sit and legislate among his peers, two resident tutors, and three who visited the house daily, were engaged in putting on the final touches. He came of age at the country-seat of his family, where he spent seven parishes, and returned immediately afterward to London with his mother. He was, and is, a charming and virtuous young man. For twenty-one years and as many days he never gave his mother a moment's real uneasiness; but on the day following that after he had attained his majority, he walked into her boudoir and, without wasting time over any preliminary explanations, announced that he was engaged to be married. The Dowager-Lady Purefoy was seated in her favorite rocking-chair, and the start of horror which she gave almost sent her backwards out of it. As it was, being a young woman for her age, she extended her feet, gripped the arms, and, by a strong effort, maintained her equilibrium. The danger, and her escape from it, steadied her nerves.

"Married, my dear boy!" she cried; "what do you mean? Who is she? Where did you meet her?"

Lord Purefoy answered the last question first.

"I met her, mother," he said, slowly and quietly, as if his mind dwelt with pleasure on the incident, "in St. James' Park."

"Who introduced you?"

"No one."

Lord Purefoy had been admirably educated, but he had never been checked. Before ten minutes were over there had been a "Row Royal" between mother and son; and she had learned that the family temper, till then dormant, had undoubtedly been inherited by her gentle-mannered son, and also that the future Countess of Purefoy was a bar-maid at a Regent street restaurant, who had asked him the time as he walked home after listening to a debate from the Peers' gallery in the House of Commons. In three days Lord Purefoy had gone into chambers in Piccadilly, owing to his mother's refusal to receive his *fiancee*, and the date fixed for the marriage was in every society paper. Congratulations and the reverse poured in upon him; but, having gathered the general drift of his relatives' correspondence from the first two or three epistles which he received from them, Lord Purefoy took to burning their letters unread. He was lighting a cigarette with one, at the head of which he had seen the crest of a distant cousin, when a word or two which he could not help seeing caused him to pause and unroll it.

DEAR PUREFOY,—So delighted to hear of your approaching wedding, and of your intention to marry for love a woman whom you have chosen for yourself, and who, no doubt, is in every way worthy of you. Come down and stay with us for a week, and bring her with you. We go to the Limes to-morrow, so come soon. Your affectionate cousin,

KITTY GOLIGHTLY.

Now, Lord Purefoy had not seen Lady Golightly since he was sixteen, and had heard such stories whispered at his family council, of the doings at her ladyship's riverside residence, as had made his hair curl with horror. If he had seen her on the day before he received her invitation, leaving his mother's house after a visit of an hour's duration, he would not have recognized her, or would hardly have believed that she had been received there. Nevertheless, he answered her note in the affirmative and went; and he took Persephone Giles with him, picturing to himself as they whizzed out of Paddington the reception which he would give the Golightlys some day in return for their early recognition of his beloved one.

"Are they rich, dear?" asked Miss Giles.

"Always in debt," he answered; "nobody's enemies but their own, I believe, but foolishly improvident."

"Like as not they are after your money, dear boy," she said.

"A Purefoy never imputes motives," he answered, adding, as she still looked dissatisfied: "you shall help your relatives and I will assist mine." And they accomplished the rest of the journey with her head upon his shoulder, while she in turn pictured herself setting up every uncle and cousin who had been kind to her in palatial public houses, and sprinkling with the dust of her haughty chariot wheels those who had thwarted her in childhood or prophesied evil results when she adopted the bar as a profession and exposed herself to the temptations of the metropolis. Arrived at the Limes, they found that every one had gone upstairs to dress for dinner, except Lady Golightly, who received them in the hall and took Persephone upstairs at once, to show her her room. Lord Purefoy walked behind them, bearing what his *fiancee* called her "reticule." It was in crimson plush, and would, no doubt, have looked charming with a coronet upon it. Two of the footmen had been carrying up the luggage and were coming out of the room. "Bill!" cried Persephone, as one of the men passed her. The man turned; he was a good-looking young fellow, with well-oiled hair and a sickly smile. He knew Persephone, that was evident; but he did not seem quite prepared for what followed. She was a warm-hearted girl, and before Lord Purefoy quite realized that a mutual recognition had taken place, his betrothed had kissed Sir Harry Golightly's valet under his mistress' nose. Lady Golightly has so complete a command over her features that she says she never changed color or smiled; she also says that the scene was unplanned and unrehearsed, which may be true. "Of course I knew his name was Giles," she told the ladies when she got downstairs; "but I could not guess all Giles' were first cousins."

"And Lord Purefoy?" said some one.

"Oh, he has told her never to be ashamed of her relatives, and quotes Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and King Cophetua, and the Bible, and all sorts of things. I know; but he did look rather uncomfortable. The person I felt sorry for was the man; he looked as if he wished the stair carpets would open and swallow him safely down into the servants' hall." Then some of the men came into the room, and her ladyship was silent. Lord Purefoy and Miss Giles came down last and were duly introduced. The other people evidently knew one another and their hostess well; they showed great pleasure at being introduced to Persephone, and some surprise when she shook hands with them all round. It was a ceremony which Lord Purefoy would have cut short if he could have caught her eye. Catching a person's eye is difficult, even when you sit opposite to her at dinner; and Lord Purefoy on one or two occasions, tried it in vain, much regretting that Lady Golightly should have separated him from the object of his affections. Champagne always flows at the Limes, and Persephone evidently liked the brand supplied. She apparently also liked the conversation of Captain Masham, who sat next her; at all events, her laughter was "frequent and painful (to Lord Purefoy) and free." He felt for what he correctly imagined to be her foot under the table, and he pressed it warningly.

"Some one's squeezing my foot under the table," she said to Captain Masham, in her outspoken, innocent way. She did not know how loudly she was talking, nor reckon on a sudden pause in the conversation, which made her remark audible to every one at the table; but she did not mind, especially as no one laughed, and no one seemed surprised; indeed, it was curious how much every one seemed to take Persephone as a matter of course. The ladies certainly did not speak to her; but the men addressed her across the table, and she answered them freely, all except Lord Purefoy, who grew graver and more silent as the meal proceeded. She was a very handsome girl, and she looked very pretty as she grew animated, though the hand with which she was inclined to gesticulate was not so white as Lady Golightly's. Lord Purefoy had paid a good price for her dress; it struck him at dinner that there was not quite so much of it as his hostess and her fair guests seemed to think requisite. Perhaps their necks and arms were not equal to those of Persephone.

"She is a charming girl," said Lady Golightly to him in the drawing-room after; "so natural."

"Yes, yes, of course; she is quite a child of nature," he said, uneasily.

"She has been telling us stories of her past life," said Lady Golightly; "I wonder if you knew them all."

Lord Purefoy blushed furiously; in spite of his strict education, he had understood one of Persephone's anecdotes sufficiently to have warned her then and there not to repeat such things to any one.

"Where is she?" he said.

"In the conservatory with Captain Masham. She seems to have quite captivated him; you had better be careful, though."

"Is he the Captain Masham who——"

"Oh, Purefoy! did the bishop's chaplain let you read the divorce reports? Poor Masham! he figured rather badly in that case, I know."

"I wish you would show me the way to the conservatory, Cousin Kate," said Lord Purefoy.

Now Persephone was sitting in a very dark corner, and Persephone, according to her lights, was doing no wrong. Perhaps she was chilly; perhaps she did not know that Captain Masham's arm and not the back of a wicker-chair against which she was leaning. She certainly did not know that, the week before, a young man who was reckoned to be on the point of proposing to a niece of Lady Golightly's, was tracked into the conservatory, and the clear, cold, useful brilliancy of the electric light suddenly turned on with a snap, just as he was following her upon his knees round the little marble fountain. The joke was in the worst possible taste; and the roar of laughter which the situation caused broke off for the time, at least, a fairly promising love affair, and caused a grand quarrel in the smoking-room afterward. It was only for a second that Lady Golightly turned on the electric light, twisting the little ivory button first to the right and then to the left.

"She is quite a child of nature, Purefoy," she whispered in her softest tones, as she drew him back into the drawing-room; "and so is Captain Masham; perhaps he, too, is her cousin."

The family solicitor thought Miss Giles must really be a very nice girl to accept so small a sum as five thousand pounds, and wondered why Lady Purefoy, who paid it, should say that the whole affair had cost her seven thousand five hundred pounds. Perhaps Lady Golightly could explain.

A Gaucherie.

(Guests just leaving.)

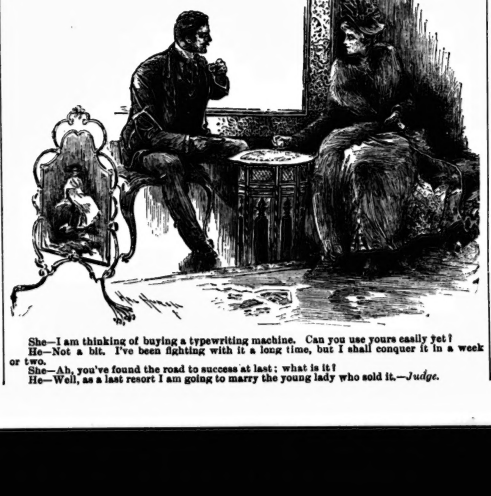
Professor—I fear dot I gome doo late.

Affable Young Hostess—Ah, no, professor; you cannot come too late.

Facial Expression.

A man's occupation has a great deal to do with making his facial expression. Studies, or scholarly professions, intellectual pursuits, when coupled with moral habits, brighten the face and give a superior look. An unselfish nature, or love of studies or arts, will make a bright, pleasant face; but, on the contrary, a man may have a face that does not please anyone, because of pure selfishness. It may be noticed that soldiers get a hard, severe look; laborers look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges look grave; and a man whose home life is unhappy looks all broken up.

A Last Resort.



She—I am thinking of buying a typewriting machine. Can you use yours easily yet?
He—Not a bit. I've been fighting with it a long time, but I shall conquer it in a week or two.
She—Ah, you've found the road to success at last; what is it?
He—Well, as a last resort I am going to marry the young lady who sold it.—*Judge.*

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La Manola.

A face of pink and nacker! Tiger eyes,
Fringed by long, silken lashes black as jet!
A tortoise-comb high in soft tresses set,
A fan in hand, of Oriental dyes.

Screening delicious spheres that fall and rise
Draped in a frail mantilla's gauzy net.
A satin slipper on a foot that vies
With Cassile's Queen, and which will quickly fret

When, near the Prado, sounds of castagnette
Of some great revelry or dance appriss.
A vague, strange look of passion you surmise,
You catch a pleasant scent like mignonette!
She passes!—while from sensuous lips there flies'
The blue smoke of her twisted cigarette!

General Sherman.

The following anecdotes of General Sherman are not new, but are readable: Out at Fort Hayard there lay, for a long time, an old cannon, of no use to any one, but which had greatly taken the fancy of an old Apache chief. He daily asked the commander for it, but was put off with the excuse that it belonged to the government and could not be given away. One day General Sherman arrived at the fort, and the request of the chief was referred to him. He examined the cannon, saw that it was worthless, and told the Indian he might have it. Then, putting on a grave air, he said to the chief: "I am afraid you want that gun so that you can turn it on my soldiers and kill them." "Ugph! no," was the unexpected reply; "cannon kill cowboys. Kill soldiers with club." General Hickenlooper of Ohio tells a story illustrating Sherman's dry wit, rather at the expense of General Corse. In the fight at Altoona, a rifle-ball took Corse alongside the head, making a slight wound that, at the time, was thought to be a great deal more dangerous than it really was. When the word reached Sherman, it had been greatly magnified, and he was informed that Corse's ear and cheek were gone, but that he would still hold his position and fight it out. Meanwhile, Corse had tied up his head and gone on with the business he had been sent there to do. As soon as possible, Sherman hurried over, full of anxiety as to the amount of damage done his officer. Nothing would do but that the bandage must come off, so that he might judge of the damage for himself. The surgeon carefully took off the cloths and revealed a slight gash across the face and a hole through the ear. Sherman looked for a moment, and then dryly said: "Why, Corse, they came d—d near missing you, didn't they!"—*The Argonaut.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

Music has held high revel in Toronto during the last ten days. Since the date of my last writing there has been an entertainment or two every evening. On Thursday evening, 9th inst., Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson gave her concert to a large audience, which was liberal in its demonstrations of hearty and sympathetic applause. The platform was beautifully dressed with flowers and handsome plants, and many floral acknowledgments were offered the performers. The programme was one which delighted the real lover of music, being distinguished by many concerted pieces, affording a welcome relief to the eternal procession of solos so prevalent and sometimes, oh! so dreary. The string quartette, composed of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Miss Lina Adamson, Miss Kate Archer and Miss Lilian Littlehales, showed evidences of thought and persistent rehearsal and played extremely well. The ensemble was very good, and the variations of light and shade were unanimous and well graded. The movement from a Mendelsohn trio by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Miss Littlehales and Miss Louie Gordon, was equally well rendered, special praise being due to Miss Gordon for the intelligent way in which she played the piano part.

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Miss Lina Adamson, a young *debutante* of tender years, gave a very bright rendering of De Beriot's Twelfth Air Varie. She has a graceful posture, a good warm tone, an easy elastic bow and very good technique. Her taste is good and her artistic feeling is evidently being carefully cultivated. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson's performance of Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice was brilliant and elegant in its correctness and ease. The lady showed a rich sympathetic tone and very fluent execution. Miss Irene Gurney gave a really delightful rendition of Liszt's Le Rossignal and Grieg's Norwegian Bridal Procession, combining in a happy manner great tonal force and delicate, while brilliant execution. Miss Gurney's readings are always pleasant in their agreeable sentiment and refined feeling. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave one of his best numbers on the organ, the bridal music from Lohengrin, in excellent style. There were only two vocalists, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Mr. H. M. Blight, both of whom were in excellent voice. The lady's songs were exceedingly well rendered, one of them especially, a little gem by Ethelbert Nevin, the name of which I have forgotten. Mr. Blight's songs were bright and energetic and delivered with his usual ardor and style.

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Friday evening brought us Mr. Whitney Mockridge in a very pleasing recital at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists, in which he was assisted by Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. Mockridge and Miss Hattie Mockridge. The latter ladies played the accompaniments and some brilliant and pleasing piano duets. Mr. Mockridge was in excellent voice and sang eight songs in a very artistic manner. His singing shows no signs of diminishment in its artistic excellence. He always shows elegance and good taste and his voice maintains its fine quality of tone. Mrs. Mackelcan's songs were beautifully rendered, her fine voice and spirited singing rarely having been shown to better advantage. Two duets by these vocalists, Buch's Dews of the Summer Night, and Groben-Hoffman's I Feel Thy Angel Spirit, were rendered with great taste and effect.

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On Saturday afternoon Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave a piano recital at Association Hall. The large audience was present at the invitation of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, the enterprising young piano firm on Yonge street, whose fine Knabe piano was put to excellent use by the lady. She is a very accomplished pianist, with a tone of large volume and warmth of quality. Her execution is fluent and certain, with a pleasing delicacy of touch, and she plays with great sentiment and poetic feeling. Altogether I was very much pleased with her playing for its artistic excellence and general refinement. The performance was largely modern, a department in which she appeared to great advantage. Mrs. Caldwell, greatly to the regret of everyone present, was ill, and her place was taken by Mr. W. Edgar Buck and Mr. Harold Jarvis. It was the first time I had heard Mr. Buck and I was much pleased with his voice and with his rendition, but must confess to a wish that he would make his words more distinctly heard. Mr. Jarvis sang excellently and made a hit with his rendering of Lohr's Margarita.

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The carnival of the amateurs has commenced. One party, a large and thoroughly efficient one at that, opened the ball with The Mikado on Monday evening last, and next week the Harmony Club puts on Iolanthe. The Mikado had a splendid chorus, brilliantly costumed and excellently trained by Mrs. Obernier. Upwards of sixty choristers were on the stage and made a fine showing. They had a large, ringing body of tone, with an especially able contingent of altos. The only drawback—but it was rather a serious one—to the effectiveness of the chorus, was that there was no conductor, which resulted in occasional lapses from unanimity of time, and in bad attacks. The soloists were very good. Miss Kate Ryan never made a better impression than she created as Yum-Yum. She sang splendidly and her acting was worthy of a professional, its only fault being that she was perhaps a trifle exuberant. Miss Sadie Burns as Pitti-Sing was excellent and won a well merited encore. She was ably sustained by Miss Reta Ryan as Peep-Bo. Miss Mabel Gardiner's Katisha was excellently performed. Her singing was very pleasing and her acting was very earnest. Mr. A. L. E. Davies sang the part of the Mikado excellently. He has a fine strong voice and good enunciation, and acts very well. Mr. G. A. Parr as Nanki-poo was very fair, his singing being slightly marred by a tendency to get away from the pitch. Pooh-Bah, sung by Mr. Harry Barker, was excellent, and our own W. E. Ramsay shone resplendently as Ko-ko. Mr. Ramsay's efforts were received with plentiful applause.

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A large audience attended a concert given on Monday evening at Trinity Methodist church, at which the performers were Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Clark and Mr. Arthur Depew. An excellent programme was rendered to the pleasure of all who attended.

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Next week's events comprise the concert on Tuesday evening by the Toronto Vocal Society under Mr. W. Edgar Buck with Miss Clementina De Vere, Mr. Franz Wilczek, and Mr. Harold Jarvis as soloists; and on Thursday and Friday evenings the Harmony Club will play Iolanthe, with a chorus of fifty voices, an enlarged orchestra, eleven principals and the band of the Royal Grenadiers on the stage.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Whatever may be said of amateur tragedians or amateur comedians, a comic opera by amateurs is always one of the few *wholly* enjoyable events of the season. I suppose the reason of this is, that the natural tendency of the amateur is toward exaggeration, and as exaggeration is half the spirit of the comic opera stage, such a performance is bound to be enjoyable. With a stage full of performers, all enjoying the thing and entering with their whole heart and soul into it, a much poorer opera than the Mikado would be bound to "go." On the first three nights of this week at the Academy, the black eyes and rosy cheeks of Old Ireland were seen to advantage in Japanese costume, and they made pictures quite as beautiful as that of the *Musmee* of whom Sir Edwin Arnold has written:

> The Musmee wears a wondrous dress.
> *Kimono, obi, imoyi*,
> A rose-bush in spring loveliness
> Is not more color-glad to see!
> A velvet string between her toes
> Holds to its place the unveiling shoe,
> Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
> And on her head a hood of blue.
> The Musmee's heart is slow to grief
> And quick to pleasure, love and song;
> The Musmee's pocket handkerchief,
> A square of paper! All day long
> Gentle, and sweet, and *debonair*
> Is—rich or poor—this Asian lass.

Although the gentlemen were exceedingly good in their parts, the ladies were much better. I waited until Tuesday night to see the performance, and I suppose that Monday saw a few first-night mishaps, but on Tuesday I only noticed two slips, and these, though slight, were both made by gentlemen. The four young ladies in the cast were almost perfect in their parts. To criticize the singing is out of my province, but the action and recitation of these young ladies was almost perfect. Miss Katie Ryan was the beautiful raven-haired Yum-Yum. Her comedy was most enjoyable in its unconsciousness, and her movements and expressions were very pretty. Her whole performance was of such uniformly fine quality that it is impossible to make special mention of any particular part of it, which would not seem detrimental to the rest. Miss Sadie Burns as Pitti-Sing, was a piquant representative of that piquant young lady. Her dancing was very graceful, particularly the incidental one with the song, For He's Gone and Married Yum-Yum. Her whole work was done with a spirit that captured the hearts of all beholders. Of Miss Reta Ryan as the demure little Peep-Bo, less was required, but she made the best of her part and was particularly *naïve* in her share of the dialogue in the second act. Miss Mabel Gardener as Katisha, was splendidly made up. In her acting she showed fine dramatic talent, and in her furious glances her eyes showed smouldering fires. Her carriage befitted the dignity of the daughter-in-law elect, as did her graceful dancing. Toronto's well known humorist, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, was Ko-ko and surpassed himself in the part. His make-up and action were particularly mirth-provoking, and his amusing dancing and gyrations must have kept him almost continuously breathless. His witticisms and comicalities always made the best possible effect. Mr. Davies took the part of the Mikado in a very creditable manner and was a favorite. The gentleman who acted as umbrella carrier was also very funny. Mr. Harry Barker, as the grasping Pooh-Bah, well represented that unctuous scion of the pre-Adamite globule. This gentleman has, I believe, previously won laurels in Maritana. His performance quite satisfied all expectations. Mr. G. A. Parr was a green Nanki-Poo and was well received. Mr. E. Dwyer's Pish-Tush was a dignified performance. The large chorus's dancing and costuming was splendid, although a little more attention might have been given to fan drill. Altogether the performance was almost as good as, and much more enjoyable than a performance by one of Stedman's companies. On Monday and Tuesday the proceeds went to the Sunnyside Home, and on Wednesday night the Theatrical Mechanics' Association was lucky enough to secure a benefit. The floral tributes presented to the young lady performers on each evening, were costly and beautiful. Much credit is due to Mrs. Obernier of London, under whose management the opera was performed.

At the Grand, during the latter half of last week, the attraction was W. J. Scanlan in Myles Aroon. The plot of this play was sketched in last season's criticism of the performance. Suffice it to say that the play was, if anything, more flat than ever. When we go to hear an Irish play we throw away all intention of criticism proper and expect to see one of the old brand—a gentleman villain, with a sugar-loaf hat, and a ruffian villain who cracks jokes, and is in the third act shot and left for dead by his partner, but who turns up in the fourth and last act to give his dandy *confrere* away. The scenery should not fail to include one scene of a cave by the sea. To be sure, the cast of Myles Aroon includes both species of villain, with a third and hybrid one; but the gentleman villain wears no sugar-loaf hat, nor plum-colored great-coat, nor drab trowsers; neither does he shoot either the ruffian or the hybrid villain; nor does the scenery include a cave by the sea, although this deficiency is perhaps made up for by the Glen of Good People. In fact, most of the characters are tamed down to their modern attire. If the old Irish drama is to be done away with, prithee give us a new one that is really modern. Don't put old wine (or vinegar would, perhaps, be a better simile) into new bottles, else the results we all wot of will follow.

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The peasantry in Myles Aroon are passable, the gentry ridiculous, the little girl beautiful; in fact, the labor of carrying the show has been transferred from Scanlan's to her young shoulders. Scanlan's newest songs are what brother Metronome calls twaddle, the Swing song, perhaps, with its pretty waltz-motion, making an exception, although I think the audience were chiefly enraptured with the lovely and laughing little figure swinging out over their heads. The old time Peek-a-boo was also one of the few bright features of the performance. Of Mr. Scanlan's amateurish acting, the less said the better. Messrs. Robert McNair and Thaddeu's Shine are old-time favorites. Laura Webster, as Mother Bet, did the best work in the performance. Mattie Ferguson, though not beautiful, was successful as Maggie Farrell. Stella Teuton, as Lady Grover, had a sweet voice, of whose dulcet tones she seemed to be a little too much enamored. She is evidently fresh from a school of elocution and her accents and inflexions were very correct. Her acting was *mediocre*, as was that of most of the company, when it was not worse. Of Constance Wallace as Nelly, I have already spoken. It may be said of the Irish landscape which was several times run in during the play, that the meadow grass in one part has suffered a sad blight since it first appeared in its Irish character. Perhaps this is due to the different atmospheres of the varied climes in which it has since figured. At any rate, what could be more suitable to this spring season than that that grass be kept in the fashion with a coat of green paint.

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George Thatcher's company of so-called minstrels was the attraction at the Grand during the first three nights of this week. During the performance Mr. Thatcher disclaims any resemblance to the old-time minstrel show. There are a few black men who play bones and tambo in the show, and Messrs. Thatcher and Sheppard, who do most of the comedy, are for no particular reason corked. What claim the great part of the show has to the name of Minstrelsy it would be hard to say. The comedy work of the two men above mentioned is certainly enjoyable, and the slack wire performance of Mr. Frank La Mondue, who seems to have out-Forchilled France in the selection of his name, was the best I have ever seen. The quartette was excellent when singing together, but its members did not shine as soloists with the exception of Mr. Frillman, the basso profundo, who sang Sullivan's Lost Chord, and The Mighty Deep in a creditable manner, although somewhat uncertain in his lower notes. Mr. Raymon Moore's solo, That is Love, "took" with the audience, although his rendering was almost entirely nasal, the chorus by the quartette, however, redeeming the piece. Mr. Jose's voice is an alto and Mr. Lewis' a baritone of poor quality. The best dancing was done by Mr. John A. Coleman, and the Fete of the Gondoliers was dreary. The jokes were by no means new, and the costumes the worse of wear. An original feature, something of the style of the drunken man at the circus, was introduced on Monday night. In one of the boxes was seated an old, respectable-looking and apparently quiet old gentleman. At one of the most aggravating of the old jokes he burst into most uncontrollable fits of laughter, which his female companion tried to quiet. At last he got up and made a speech, saying that the joke was the best he had heard that evening, etc., with incidental padding. Finally, as the curtain was going down for the intermission, he jumped on to the stage, and throwing off his coat, joined in the finale dance.

Among the books which delighted my boyhood's heart was Struggles and Triumphs, by P. T. Barnum. It was quite a thick book, and I do not think I ever read it through, but I used to read a chapter here and a chapter there and was introduced to a world of queer characters. I read of Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt, and thought with delight of that wonderous paradise, the Great American Museum. Through every chapter in the book shines the genial personality of the author, and he was veritably a children's friend, as far as I was concerned. I think many little boys out in the country must almost have shed tears when they heard of Barnum's death. How many and many a boy has come dawdling along the white road some hot August morning and has been suddenly awakened to activity, and started to run kicking up great clouds of dust with his bare feet, at a distant sight of the bill-poster posting pictures of the baby elephant and the lady lion tamer in the hotel where the whole surmounted by the magical name of Barnum. I was not born in the country myself, but a near relative of mine who was, tells me that once when he was a little fellow he was so overjoyed by a promise to be taken to Barnum's circus, that he commenced a highland fling combined with a sort of soubrette's kick down the length of the great kitchen, with the result that he fell into a large pot of soup which was cooling on the hearth and was so invalided home from church, circus or any other diversion for a considerable length of time.

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Barnum was a prince who conquered parson, layman and child. May happiness be meted out to him in the hereafter in proportion to the happiness which he, while on earth, meted out to his fellow men!

TOUCHSTONE.

'Varsity Chat.

This is my last "chat." The college year is rapidly spinning out its closing hours, and the examination ordeal, which robs the month of May of its merriment to us, is near at hand. The events of the past six months lie behind us like visions of a departed age. It is to the future we look. The freshmen, sophomores and juniors are about to take one step forward. The seniors! what of them? Yes, they, too, will take a step forward, but this step will land them on the threshold of practical life. Four years ago they withdrew from the world, with its daily round of pleasures and cares; now, with keener minds and more sensitive natures, they are about to return to it again. May what they have learned within 'Varsity's halls be a source of pleasure and a tower of strength to them throughout life's journey!

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Lectures have ceased for this session and the students can now devote all their time to reading for the examinations.

The law examinations begin on the 27th inst. and continue for three days only, as candidates for the final examination alone will be writing. The first, second and third year examinations in law are held at the same time as the arts examinations, which begin on May 1.

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Prof. W. J. Ashley, M.A., is editor of the University of Toronto studies in Political Science. The second number of the first series has just been issued, and it contains an article on Municipal Monopolies and Their Management, by Mr. A. H. Sinclair, B.A. In the first part of the article is a compilation of statistics and propositions about municipal matters, and the second part is devoted to a comparison of public and private management of municipal monopolies. The writing of this pamphlet has involved an immense amount of labor and Mr. Sinclair has performed his task with great care, all "without money and without price," and he is to be congratulated on the success of his work.

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The future student, yes, and the future historian of our college will always find something new and interesting in the library, for donations of rare and valuable books have been and are still being received from every quarter of the globe. The republic of letters knows no geographical or political divisions, and from the ends of the earth the requirements of our library are being supplied. Some of the books which Gibbon "thumbed" before he wrote The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, have recently been received from Rev. E. Spencer of Tavistock, England, and other books equally as interesting are on their way.

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At the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A., reports were read by Mr. H. B. Fraser, B.A., Mr. T. Graham, M. N. I. Ferry, Mr. J. W. Wheaton, Mr. E. A. Henry and Mr. W. Silcox. The Association has had a progressive year, and will continue the good work next year with the following as officers: J. W. Wheaton, president; F. J. Smale, first vice president; N. McDougall, treasurer; J. Griffith, recording secretary; R. G. Glover, and A. Smith (School of Practical Science), councillors; and J. McNichol, general secretary.

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The sporting men are looking forward to a good season's enjoyment and success. All the various clubs have elected their officers for the year, and 'Varsity expects every man to do his duty.

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As I am about to conclude I would ask all those whose names were mis-spelled in this column during the year to forgive the writer in the same spirit as they would forgive an examiner who would allow them to pass on an examination on which they had not obtained the requisite percentage. For those whose names have not appeared here I predict a bright and honorable future. They are among "the brainiest men" and "there are only a few of us left." When the holidays are over and the curtain rises again the present leading actors will be off the stage. Those who now take the minor parts will have advanced, their places will be taken by new actors, and the college drama of four acts will be played again in the space of one short year. Let each act well his part and my successor will have a pleasant task.

DRAK ALEEN.

A Gentle Visitor.

For Saturday Night.

I, the balmy spring tide,
Daughter of the sun,
Down my father's "beam-slide"
Laughingly do run.

Golden wavy tresses,
Eyes of deepest blue;
Bringing father's kisses,
Earth I come to you.

Usher gentle showers,
Come back singing birds,
Spring up fragrant flowers,
Skip forth bleating herds.

Steal out, happy lovers,
Pipe out shepherd boy;
Splash out streams and rivers
Dance out ships for joy.

Wave ye graceful branches,
Sigh ye quiv'ring leaves,
Hold, ye rustic beauties,
Rural revelries.

Mellow lighted bowers,
Cheerful sunny slopes,
With your magic powers
Brighten faded hopes.

Blighted heart! may sunshine
Penetrate your gloom,
Setting forth the spring time
Shining 'yond the tomb.

I the balmy spring tide,
Daughter of the sun,
Down my father's "beam-slide"
Laughingly do run.

Golden wavy tresses,
Eyes of deepest blue,
Bringing father's kisses
Earth I come to you.

ERNEST E. LEGG

Housekeeping.

For Saturday Night.

When I was a little lassie,
In a sunshade badly worn,
And a dirty old dress and apron
Which were pretty badly torn,
I used to have a sweetheart,
And Jimmy Brown and me
Have oft kept house together,
Down yonder by the sea.

Our house had a lovely parlor,
Decked with seashells' pearly glare,
The sitting room and kitchen,
Had all a sandy stare;
Such dishes made of clam shells,
Crockery, glass and stones,
Dear little cups and saucers
Made out of fishes' bones.

A bucket from an oyster can
Hangs over the garden well,
Another with a tonsure put in
Is for a dinner bell;
For a cradle was a sardine box
With a coverlet of glass,
And a downy bed for baby (snails)
Made of the greenest grass.

Then there was the pasture
Where the cattle used to dwell,
A beauty little drinking trough
Made from an oyster shell.
And oh the pig and piggies,
They were nasty and warty frogs,
That Jimmy brought in a water pail
From the surrounding bogs.

Jimmy would go fishing,
Catch cockles (which were whales),
I'd tend to household duties
And mind our babies (snails).
We had flies without wings for oxen,
For sheep and cows and goats;
Of sticks and seagulls' feathers
We made ocean-going boats.

O dear! such loads of sweetmeats
Jimmy's ships would bring to me,
Bananas, oranges, grapes and figs
From the warm lands o'er the sea.
But as Jim and I grew older,
The ships got broke and lost,
And our household goods and pasture
Have gone to pay the cost.

Yes, they were happy love days,
Those days down by the sea,
When I loved Jimmy really
And Jimmy did love me.
But now our mimic household,
For long, long years has flown,
And Jim and I as man and wife
Have very feeble grown.

Noted People.

Emma Koch, wife of the famous German professor, has the entire charge of her husband's immense correspondence.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt always wears a "common-sense" shoe and places her foot squarely on the ground in walking.

The young Queen of Holland has her mourning costumes made of purest white, as did the famous Queen of Scots, "La Reine Blanche," after the death of the dauphin.

De Lesseps was a vigorous, brilliant man at eighty, which was six years ago. Since the failure of his Panama Canal scheme, he has aged materially, and is now in quite poor health.

Mrs. Shackleford—better known as Grace Greenwood—is a charming and distinguished-looking elderly lady, with big dark eyes, curly gray hair, and infinite graciousness of manner. Though no longer young, she is as full of enthusiasm as a girl, and may be usually found at functions where literary folks congregate.

Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, wife of the well known author, is not inclined to literary pursuits herself, but fills a portion of her days in the quiet city of Hartford, where she has her home, busy at musical studies. Mrs. Warner is an accomplished artist on the piano, and a devoted admirer and interpreter of the classics.

Mary Gay Humphries, whose versatile pen has brought her prominently before the public, is a brave, bright woman whom it does one's heart good to meet. She is tall and slender, with an unusually expressive face, wears her curly brown hair cropped close, and talks in a fluent, animated way, on almost any topic under discussion.

The czarina is almost entirely deaf. When a courier, carrying messages from her majesty, Augusta Victoria, appeared before the czarina, a lady in waiting secretly wrote down his message on a piece of pasteboard, which was handed to her majesty under cover of a fan, and after she had read it she answered in quite an unconcerned manner.

The claim of an Illinois woman to be the widow of "Artemus Ward" excites much interest in his native town. The American executor of Charles F. Browne is Horace Maxfield, who lives there, and who knows more about Artemus than any one else. Browne's alleged marriage was never before heard of or suspected, and nobody credits it.

Lady Tennyson has set to music of her own composing a number of the Poet Laureate's unpublished songs, and they were first given to the public when sung by a young American, Mr. David Bispham, at a concert lately held in London. Lady Tennyson is a musician of no humble ability, and the poems, fifteen in all, will soon be published under a dedication to Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Harrison has made a number of improvements in the White House, especially in the kitchen and laundry. The floors of these were made of soft stone, so porous and accessible to damp that she found the remains of three wooden floors laid on top of them, one above another, and all in bad repair. Mrs. Harrison has had the place cleaned out, filled with cement and tiled.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of General Custer, is a hard-working literary woman. She has lately gone to Atlantic City, in order to rest and gain strength for writing a series of talks about Life on the Plains, which she will deliver before women's clubs and schoolboys and girls, who are generally her devoted admirers and fast friends. Her Boots and Saddles and Following the Guidon have never lost their first popularity.

In London, recently, a young woman appeared at the mask ball in Covent Garden arrayed in Egyptian gauzes, and the effect was so striking that an attendant was sent to her by the management with word that she must immediately cloak herself or leave the building. She was a delight to the eye but a serious menace to the event, for this ball had been planned by Mr. Augustus Harris on lines of the severest decorum. Let it be said that the transparent young lady at once enveloped herself in a rose-colored domino, and thus screened the only wicked beauty of the imposing occasion from general scrutiny.

Miss de Wolfe, whose approaching *debut* on the professional stage is being generally commented upon, is now working tremendously in Paris preparing for the foot-lights. She takes lessons daily from half-a-dozen teachers; fences, dances, sings, studies voice-culture, elocution, and posturing under as many different masters as there are arts. Just now she has entered into the matter of wigs and costumes with a devotion and exaltation awful to behold, and yet in the picturesque apartments, furnished from the spoils of her New York home, she finds time to entertain hosts of Americans who crowd her agreeable daily "five o'cloquers."

Miss Zoe Gayton is fond of walking. That is the reason why she declared that she could walk from ocean to ocean herself when she heard some friends marveling at the feat of a New York hotel-keeper and a professor of penmanship, who had just completed a horseback ride across the continent. She was in San Francisco at the time. Being a woman of her word, she started to accomplish her task, August 27, 1890, accompanied by two male companions and two poodle dogs. Miss Gayton took the ferry-boat from San Francisco to Oakland, but has walked the rem inder of the distance; at least, she says she has. She is now very near her goal—Franklin Square, New York City.

The brusqueness of manner and brevity of speech characterizing the red native of the far West, must be contagious, for not infrequently those thrown in intimate contact with the Indian are observed to catch up his peculiarities of speech and behavior. A striking example of this theory to be met with in New York drawing rooms at present, is the once famous child-poet, Elaine Goodale. As the affianced bride of a Christianized brave, she is being somewhat lionized, but, in spite of all temptation, she refuses to roar, and is as reticent and silent as the strange race into which she will shortly marry. Miss Goodale is still young, and contributes occasionally to the magazines, but her religious convictions and mission evidently preclude all worldliness, and her dress and manner indicate decided asceticism.

A Summer Holiday.

We walked down Yonge street to the wharf, boarding the steamer Eurydice, and shortly the paddle-wheels were lashing the water into foam that looked silver-crested in the morning sunshine passing through the eastern gap, with Ashbridge's Bay on the one side and Hanlan's Island on the other. We wave our hands to bid adieu to fair Toronto, with her miles of shipping and numerous spires, bound for Wilson, New York, a little summer resort where countless Americans and Canadians go yearly to rusticate and be systematically robbed.

What a gloriously bright and sunny day it was, and what a pleasure to hear the little ones on board at the Sunday school picnic singing their songs. At last we see a long blue line on the horizon, which becomes more distinct each moment. The steamer whistles, all is animation, we steam at half speed. Going to the gunwale we see the joyous crowds impatiently waiting, waving their handkerchiefs to give us a kindly welcome, on the dock which juts out into the lake a hundred yards or more, where innumerable bare-footed urchins, away for their summer holidays, are fishing for small perch, and, on hearing the whistle, drop their tackle and run for the landing. The boat stops, the ropes are thrown from the port side, the gangways are drawn and we step ashore where friends embrace their dear ones. Then to a shallow little lake covered with water-lilies, across a pontoon bridge, and further on are clumps of poplar trees where, long before the sun in early morn has clothed the world in glory, the happy feathered children of the grove chant their sweet praise. A little path skirts the river which runs inland for several miles; on the other side is a charming Queen Anne cot with boat-house on the river's brink. On going south are sweet meadows fenced in by rails or walled about by huge rough stones, in which the chipmunks love to build. We climbed a grassy slope and passed a wooded winding path that led into the little cemetery, over a wooden stile with steps. 'Twas Decoration Day, and the graves of the heroes of the American war were bedecked, by good kind friends, with flowers and flags whose stars I hope may never be disgraced, or stripes clouded. On turning towards the entrance gate to take a parting glance at a scene so picturesque and sad, we saw the name "Greenwood" with a weeping willow on each side. A plank walk leads from here to a quaint old house with shingle roof, and built of different colored pebbles from the shore, placed horizontally in stucco. It has a Colonial-looking porch, and latticed windows with glass cut diamond-shaped and almost lost to view in honeysuckle and woodbine. This fine homestead is surrounded by an orchard laden down with red ripe fruit. From here through rows of cypress trees, we spy the village inn, that fronts an avenue used by early settlers as a trail. We register, and the Boniface's wife asks what we would like for dinner. We mention fricassee of chicken as a very superior scheme, visit the yard with the intention of selecting our poultry, and come to the conclusion that we know absolutely nothing about these matters, as it turns out to be one of the most deliciously tough chickens I ever made a rash endeavor to bisect.

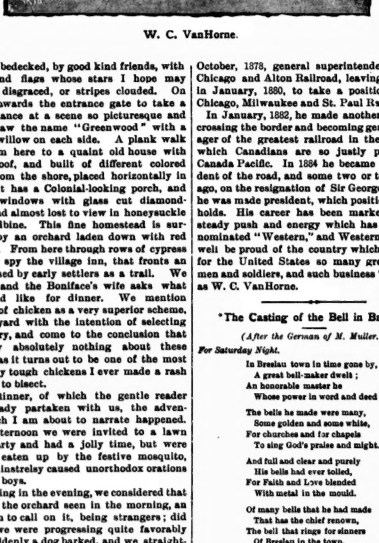
After dinner, of which the gentle reader has already partaken with us, the adventure which I am about to narrate happened. In the afternoon we were invited to a lawn tennis party and had a jolly time, but were horribly eaten up by the festive mosquito, whose minstrelsy caused unorthodox orations from the boys.

Returning in the evening, we considered that we owed the orchard seen in the morning, an obligation to call on it, being strangers; did so, and we were progressing quite favorably when suddenly a dog barked, and we straight-way made for the main road, but hardly rapidly enough, for he serenaded me in a most friendly and affectionate manner. In my agitation I patted him on the cranium and recited, for the benefit of the excited canine, some of the most lofty, touching and plaintively pathetic episodes of my childhood. Methinks he heard me not, for he never wagged his tail or shed a tear, but hung right on. Fortunately for me, his master was not far off. His appearance reminded me of that queer lone fisherman in Evangeline. He called his dog off, and just then I muttered a little prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven for my deliverance. I should have done so long before, but was too busily engaged. He remonstrated with me for purloining his fruit and trespassing on his property, and demanded an immediate explanation. I informed him that it was my first visit to the country and I had no idea that I had (I say I, because my friend had suddenly departed to indulge in a constitutional) been treading on forbidden grounds, thought they were wild. I remarked that the State of New York required him to fence the orchard in, and to have at the four cardinal points a board, signed by the clerk of the court: "That any person found trespassing on this property," etc. "You must be a lawyer," he said. I acknowledged the soft impeachment, and asked him what brand of cherries he had planted, when he procured his first crop, what distance it was necessary to place them apart to ensure success, said that they were the most luscious I had ever tasted in my life. He then mentioned a friend of his who left there for Canada thirty years ago, and wanted to know if I knew him. On answering in the affirmative, he suddenly turned, nodded his head, shook hands, made friends, delighted to see me, walked to his house, where he had a little revenge by making me bang an old Chickering piano, considerably out of tune, and sing comic songs until I was hoarse. We had a wholesome supper of home-made bread, buckwheat cakes, maple syrup, coffee and cream; and not being satisfied that he had entertained sufficiently the one who had robbed his orchard, he called his son George and told him to hustle to the barn and hitch up the old gray mare and bring her to the entrance gate so that he could drive me himself to the American Hotel about a mile distant.

J. A. RADFORD.

W. C. VanHorne.

Mr. W. C. VanHorne, whose portrait embellishes this page, is an American by birth, having been born in Hill County, Illinois, in February, 1843. His first railroad experience was acquired as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway at Chicago, where he started in 1856. Through the various positions of a railroad employee he gradually rose, on various American roads, until he became, in October, 1878, general superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, leaving this road in January, 1880, to take a position on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.



W. C. VanHorne.

In January, 1882, he made another advance, crossing the border and becoming general manager of the greatest railroad in the world, of which Canadians are so justly proud, the Canada Pacific. In 1884 he became vice-president of the road, and some two or three years ago, on the resignation of Sir George Stephen, he was made president, which position he now holds. His career has been marked by that steady push and energy which has been denominated "Western," and Western men may well be proud of the country which has bred for the United States so many great statesmen and soldiers, and such business "fighters" as W. C. VanHorne.

"The Casting of the Bell in Breslau.

(After the German of M. Muller.)

For Saturday Night.

In Breslau town in time gone by,
A great bell-maker dwelt;
An honorable master he
Whose power in word and deed was felt.

The bells he made were many,
Some golden and some white,
For churches and for chapels
To sing God's praise and night.

And full and clear and purely
His bells had ever toiled,
For Faith and Love blended
With metal in the mould.

Of many bells that he had made
That has the chief renown,
The bell that rings for sinners
Of Breslau in the town.

In tower of Magdalena's church
His masterpiece is hung,
And many stubborn hearts it bends
By its sweet, pleading tongue.

How has the worthy master
So truly planned aright?
How has he piled his busy hands
Alike by day and night?

And now at last the hour is come
Naught has been left undone.
The shape is fastened in the wall,
The metal soon will run.

Then calls he to his 'prentice]
And bids him watch with care.
"A moment's space I leave thee
Here by the cauldron's glare.

"For first a strengthening drink I'll take
That I may pour aright,
For then the brittle metal
Bursts forth in fluid bright.

"But see that thou be cautious,
Nor dare to touch the tap;
If so, thy life, then meddler,
Shall pay for all mishap."

The 'prentice by the cauldron
Looks down and sees the glow
That waves in rolling eddies,
And will no limit know.

And in his ears it hisses,
It shoots through every thought,
And every finger tingles
Till to the tap he's brought.

Then in his hand he feels it,
And new he turns it round.
An anxious fear comes o'er him—
His mind is in a swound.

He hastens to the master
And will his fault deplore,
And, low, his knees embracing,
Will pardon there implore.

The master hardly listened—
One word was all he heard,
Then eager had conquered reason,
And sorely then he erred.

Then deep his knife he plunges
Into the boy's young breast,
Then rushes to the cauldron,
No sense he now possessed.

Perchance he yet may save it
And haply stem the flow;
But see! The pouring's finished.
No drop is wanting now.

And then in haste he draws it out
And see, yet will not see—
A perfect bell before him stand
From spot or blemish free.

But at his feet the 'prentice lies
His work has lost its charm.
Ah, master! angry master!
Thy thrust wrought cruel harm.

And now he stands before the judge
Himself he doth accuse;
The jury for the valiant man
Would fain find some excuse.

No one has power to save him
And blood will still have blood,
But listening to his sentence
With upright head he stood.

And now the fatal day has come
His hour of death is soon,
But he may choose what weal he will
For grace hath given this boon.

I thank you, spoke the master,
Ye gentle dear and true,
But 'tis another favor
My heart doth crave from you.

Grant me but once to listen
And hear the new bell clang,
'Twas I who did create it,
I'd know if clear it rang.

The boon he asked was granted,
The gentles thought it slight,
And as he went unto his death
The bell rang clear and bright.

The master hears it ringing
So full, so pure and clear.
His eyes are overflowing;
With joy sprung forth each tear.

And happy grew his glances
And bright his transport shone.
He heard the tone the bell spoke forth
But heard far more than tone.

And now he kneels and gives his neck,
Nor quails before the stroke,
And all that death has promised
Life says I'll not revoke.

Of many bells that he had made
That has the chief renown,
The bell of Magdalena,
In Breslau in the town.

BRESLAU. A. A. MACDONALD.

"This is an actual event that took place in Breslau in 1385.

Progress in the Right Direction.

In a Newark factory where over three hundred women are employed, everything tending to their comfort and health is carefully considered. The building is heated by steam. There are no rigid or unreasonable rules to follow. Each one has an obligation to meet, and if any instruction is to be given it is done in a kindly, pleasant way. The firm has a dining-room in the basement, provided with tea made on the premises. At such seasons of the year when food of a more substantial kind is necessary, soup is dispensed at two cents a plate—barely enough to defray its cost. An experienced cook is employed. Boxes of crackers are provided upstairs for girls who need a slight luncheon to support them until noon. Many of the girls prefer going home to dinner. To all such a liberal concession is made in regard to time. A corner of the second floor is set apart for recreation at noon. In it is a fine piano. Among the girls are several excellent performers, and nearly all the girls dance. It is no trouble to form a set or to start off in the dreamy waltz. On the window-sills at the "ball-room" end of the room are pots of fragrant flowers to help make the place cheerful. The firm has a big stock of umbrellas, so that in case any of the girls are caught in a shower, one is loaned. There is a large steam-heated bath-room for the women, and one for the men. In the spacious grounds surrounding the factory, seats have been placed in the shade of trees, so that in warm weather the girls can eat their luncheon out in the open air. A back gate leads from the premises into the street. They have the luxury of an elevator and open fireplaces on each floor, and the lightest rooms possible to imagine. There is also a reading room supplied with periodicals for their use. The proprietors report that this attempt to minister to the comfort of their employes is entirely successful from a business point of view. The workers are by it made to feel that their interest is identical with their employers and that the success of the firm means their success, too. This development of this sort of spirit in the relations of capitalist to laborer, and *vice versa*, is likely to be one of the best and surest methods of doing away with "labor troubles."

John Morley.

"If John Morley had a vice he might become Prime Minister," said a well-known politician the other day. The praise must not be taken too literally. The English do not actually consider vice essential in Prime Ministers, but prefer boldness to restraint, daring to plodding caution, passion to absolute self-control. They like a man who has some share of human weakness, just sufficient to show that he is like other folk, that there is some point in common between himself and the people. Nobody has discovered a weakness in John Morley. He is not a man to commit a *faux pas*. He never boils over, he keeps himself at an even temperature and under perfect control. The English idolize their passionate men. John Morley is not passionate. But all men respect him, and the masses are as fond of him as they can be of any public man who goes some distance along their way of thinking without becoming a demagogue.

In spite of the fact that he was not, and never had been a journalist, Mr. Morley for three years edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he subsequently handed over to Mr. Stead. Mr. Morley was pitchforked into journalism. Frederick Greenwood left the *Pall Mall* unexpectedly, and a successor was required at once. Morley had a high reputation as a philosophic radical and a writer, and he consented to write leading articles and to lend the paper the weight of his name. His deficiencies as a journalist were marked, the chief among them being a lack of all-round interest in human affairs.

In those days Mr. Morley dwelt in Putney. He used to come up every morning and always walked across Hungerford Bridge. The sight of the Thames soothed and inspired him. He used to get to the office about nine, and having read his letters, there followed a discussion between him and Mr. Stead as to the policy of the paper. The events of the preceding day were hotly debated, and the "line" to be taken in regard to each carefully decided upon. This discussion would take half an hour or more.

Then there was silence in the *Pall Mall Gazette* office for the space of some hours. Mr. Morley found it essential to composition that he should be absolutely quiet. He wrote with great ease, and his "copy" never needed any corrections. He knew exactly what he had to say, he knew exactly how to say it. An opinion might possibly need modification sometimes, an expression never. At 12.30 his leader would be finished, and he would soon afterward be free to walk across to the Athenæum Club. Here he rested for an hour.

Morley has been described as an impressionable man, whose impressions need to be often renewed if they are to prove lasting. For this reason he should be, as he is, one of Gladstone's first lieutenants. He went into politics six or seven years ago, leaving journalism, and turning the *Pall Mall* over to "that good man, Stead," who immediately began to send off his fireworks, though he had ignited the Thames, and proceeded to patronize his master, and the world in general.

Mr. Morley speaks better outside the House of Commons than in it; but even on the platform he is less interesting than many others that can be named. He does not let himself go. His delivery is monotonous.

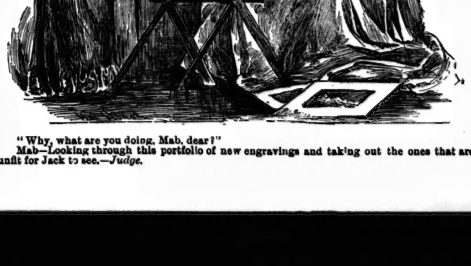
Morley is an agreeable man to know; he is courteous without being courtly; genial without being familiar. He left the editorial desk for a seat in Gladstone's Cabinet. They say that his dream of life is to write a final history of the French Revolution—his book on Rousseau, Diderot and Voltaire and others of that period having been preliminary studies for that purpose.

John Morley is a Radical in politics and an agnostic in his attitude toward religion. Stead called him a Puritan who had missed his way, adding that, although professedly the most free thinking of all prominent politicians, he is the one who in heart is the most profoundly imbued with the religious idea.

Some one has said that John Morley is an emotional man. If that is so he keeps his emotions well in hand. They do not run away with him. He "sees clearly and thinks straight." In the North (he represents Newcastle-on-Tyne) they call him "Honest John."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Women do not suffer as they used to, in olden times, from contraction of the chest. Just look at the size of the Saratoga trunks.

Protecting the Innocents



"Why, what are you doing, Mab, dear?"
Mab—Looking through this portfolio of new engravings and taking out the ones that are unfit for Jack to see.—*Judge.*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT A DEATH-BED.

A telegram for Mr. Whitney! Miss Belaire glanced up from her machine as calmly as though she were in the habit of taking innumerable telegrams for him. Mr. Whitney was out of town, but she knew his address and could send for him immediately if it were necessary. She took the message from the boy and signed for it; then, as he walked away, she tore it open in her quiet, inexcitable way and glanced over its contents. Had the eyes of the world been upon her, instead of merely the bright eyes of the office-boy, she would have been just as calm. Nevertheless, the message was a startling one.

"Come to this station at once. Utmost importance. Bring witnesses. He is dying."

And it was signed simply "John King:" the station, Nyack.

But Miss Kittie Belaire was equal to most demands upon her strength of mind and heart. She called the boy to her and told him she would have to leave for the day; that she was called away upon business. If further messages should come for Mr. Whitney they were to be sent immediately to her hotel—until either he or she returned. If the boy was considerably amazed by this state of affairs it was not his business to say so, and she might have been speaking upon the most ordinary matter for all the interest he showed. Then Miss Kittie very quietly closed her machine and locked up the dictation book, and, donning her hat and wraps and gloves, went away with her accustomed pleasant word of farewell to the clerks. She never forgot others, even at such a time as the present.

Her mind was pretty busy as she waited for the elevator in the hall, for the message demanded not a moment's delay. Whom should she go to for witnesses? She herself would go up to Nyack of course, but she must have witnesses. Then she remembered John King's associates and hurried to the detective bureau as fast as she dared. On her way she telegraphed to Frank Whitney what had occurred and sent another message to her mother. Everything was very business-like under Miss Kittie's hands.

At what hours trains left for Nyack she did not know, but she went straight from the detective office to the Erie depot at Jersey City, in company with two well dressed men who were ordered to attend her. She carried money enough with her for any ordinary demand and need not delay further than absolute necessity called for. She was under intense excitement but would not betray it. Perhaps she was paler than usual, but the men accompanying her did not know her usual color and could not judge. They wondered considerably over the demure little woman beside them.

The trip was not long but it seemed so to the girl. She hoped that Mr. Whitney would receive the telegram and hasten to join them. Of the latter she did not doubt if he received the telegram. She was well enough acquainted with the duty and importance of John King to know that there was not a moment to be lost in complying with his demand. They were to meet at the station platform, evidently on the lookout for them, and one of her companions—they were shrewd men and understood pretty well what was expected of them—inquired of him how they could reach old Hardman's house at Nanuet.

The boy was pale and thin, but he was not stupid. He had been sent to this station to wait for them; from John King's description he recognized Miss Belaire at once. His face flushed with the strangeness of his position, and his voice was low and unsteady as he replied to the query, and asked if they were come in reply to Mr. King's message.

"Yes, it's all right," said the man carelessly, but not roughly. "Will you take us there by the quickest time ever you made, youngster?"

"I comed for you," the boy said, quickly. "He sent me."

After that none of them spoke a word. They hurried into the carriage in waiting, and ordered the driver to spare no horseflesh, to get them in time to the Nyack woods upon the Nyack turnpike, whence they could reach old Hardman's house the better without observation.

"He told me to take you the way nobody'd see you much," explained the boy, in a frightened voice, as they left the turnpike for a road, and followed their guide into the woods, regardless of underbrush or brier. "An' I'll tell him you've come, if you'll wait a minute in the hall, when we get there."

"Go it!" ordered one of the men, peremptorily. "Make haste, youngster! It'll be best for you if you mind!"

John King did not come down to meet them. He knew much better than to leave the bedside of the old man who was in his stead—such is the uselessness after all of grasping the glass of Time when once the drops are low—upon his death-bed. He sent Tom down again, and there was no necessity for him to urge the boy to make haste; he was bound to him too utterly by ties of kindness and fear to make him loiter. They were taken to the bare room above the kitchen where the old miser lay, the niece, finding to her surprise that it was useless for her to object to this hired man doing as he would, when—still by some strange tie of life or fate—the dying man would keep him beside him, nor let him from his sight for a moment. To send the message to the lawyer, he was obliged to trust to Tom, ordering him to take one of the farm horses and go at his best speed.

Very remarkable it was, this woman said to herself, as she saw the strange visitors to her uncle's death-chamber, that this hired man dared invite his friends at such a time. Her shrewd eyes recognized without trouble that they were none of the country people; no one she ever saw; no one she could care to see. And here her eyes grew narrow and contracted in their great shrewdness, and a strange smile stirred her thin lips.

She moved away from the bedside to make room for the newcomers, not daring to ask the why or wherefore for this intrusion, for she was learning remarkable caution since the new man came upon the farm; John King's keen eyes were upon her, and she moved but a few steps, and there waited.

Why she should so obey the mere glance of this man's eyes, she did not know; she did not even ask herself. She knew it was his wish that she remain where she was, and she remained. By and by, she stole very softly from the room, unnoticed in the horrible scene enacted there; and even the hired man's sharp eyes could not hold her, not being upon her in the deadly trial of mind and justice.

She was very shrewd, very, very, she was wonderfully shrewd—was this woman!

The room was dark and close when they entered; but upon their arrival, though he dared not stir from the bedside, lest he should lose some wish (!) or some need of the dying man, John King crossed the bare, creaking boards, and opened the one window he dared to admit the air. It was a chilly day, and the wind searched the chamber through, as though to purify it, if possible, for the Great Guest soon to enter.

A bare, desolate, hard room in which a man must die. A rough, scant, scrimpy room in which to meet such a guest. But the sunlight would creep in through the small panes, and, strangely enough, creept up and up and up to the foot of the bed, to the side, up even to the hands—ghastly hands, and convulsively clasped to the face of the dying man.

Miss Kittie Belaire was a self-controlled woman, but she shivered and shrank away when her bright eyes fell first upon this livid face. John King saw this, and shook his head at her warningly. He was still, in appearance, but the rough hired man of the farm, but his manners had changed since their arrival.

"It's all right, miss," he said, quietly, standing very near the bed. "It's like way we've got to go. But it'd, perhaps, be as well for us all to pray that death may not come to us as it's coming to him, nor" ... he seemed to grasp his native idea—"the same conscience haunt us when we lie dying."

"Mr. Whitney's coming," said one of the other men, in a low tone.

He glanced through the window, and recognized the lawyer, as he hurried from a saddle-horse at the gate—a horse trembling and covered with foam from the haste of his ride. There was some delay in obtaining an entrance, the hired man was about to go down himself or send Tom, when the door opened and admitted the newcomer. He was flushed with haste, but when he saw the group around the bed, he reasined his perfect self-control, and joined them as quietly as though it were but an every-day affair, this slow approach of a terrible guest, the tall figure stealing across the snow of the woods, and lifting its powerful arm to strike down the strong and shriveled old man, with his distorted face upon the hard pillow.

"You have done well," he said to Miss Belaire, as he joined them. His eyes told her the rest. He trusted her fully—there was no doubt of that. "I came on at once. Am I in time?"

King nodded. The other men made place for him respectfully, for the young lawyer was an authority not to deny. Then their attention was concentrated upon the dying man.

"He muttered some things I thought it well for others to hear besides myself," said the hired man. "I rather think you will be pleased to hear what he has to say, Mr. Whitney. I shall question him a little more now that you have come. Be good enough to keep your attention upon his words. Had he died two weeks ago I have all that is needed—more than is necessary now. You are to remain to make strong any little last word he may wish to say."

Mr. Whitney nodded. It was advisable not to prolong unnecessary conversation with the dread Angel of Death hovering at the doorway ready to enter when the one poor last drop of life's red blood should fall from the mighty glass those convulsive fingers clutched with such fierceness. Then John King bent over the struggling face upon the pillow and said very distinctly and slowly, his eyes upon those sunken, wavering eyes that had been very shrewd to cheat his fellow-men, but were of no use in cheating the Guest waiting at the door:

"A horrible place—in that wood where the murder was committed, isn't it, Hardman?"

The effect of his words was startling even beyond his own expectation. The shriveled face started from the pillow, and those wild, fading eyes stared from their sockets in terror.

"A horrible place—ay, ay, a horrible place! An' ther figger—there—see it?—a-comin', a'ways a-comin' to strike me down! An' I—I—I shot him on'y for his face an' his voice! An' when I couldn't fer ther life o' me do it, an' she—an', Jim, my niece, came an' took ther gun from me—an' shot him—shot him herself, an' he fell there—there at ther thicket! 'Tain't enough that he comes a-callin' ther lonesome now—but—he comes here with his—white face—a-sayin' ther he knows things—he'll set me behind such, if he went on—he will—to—morrow!" he muttered inaudibly, "how could we let him—live!"

No other sound stirred the room for a moment. Miss Belaire was pallid as death herself, but she shook her head when Mr. Whitney offered to take her down-stairs. Then he gave their attention again to this horrible confession given from dying lips.

"An' ther boy!" muttered the stiff lips presently, the wild eyes trying to search the room, the pallid face once more upon the pillow. "An' ther boy! He was a'ways a-nivelin' an' a-sayin' ther he wouldn't—he wouldn't—right to do as—I will with—my help— But good Lord!" again screamed the old man, starting up, struggling with the strong man who would hold him back upon the bed, fighting with a mad frenzy that made him the equal almost of this big, powerful man. "Good Lord! Hear him a-nivlin'—hear him a-callin' so pleasant like thet he was lonely an' fer us ter come along—o' him—an' walk together—"

He sank back under the strong hands upon him, and his voice died out in a gasping and gurgling struggling for the breath that was so swiftly fleeting away. The startled eyes were dimming, they could not recognize even the bare rafters of the old familiar room; the rosy fingers were untwisted and clutched the ragged covers about him.

"And what of the man who was charged with the murder! What of him, I say?" demanded John King, stooping over this horrible, distorted face and still speaking as slowly and distinctly as though to a child—but not a child surrounded with love or all good things—far from that! "You would have let them hang him for your deed, had the law allowed that! What of him, I ask you, Hardman—tell me that!"

The semblance of that old, shrewd, cunning expression once upon the livid face, upon the eyes, almost beyond seeing again the light that streamed so radiantly into the bare room, were raised to the bending face, that was but a blur upon the blank of coming darkness, as the shrill voice, faint and broken with this hideous struggle to still hold that mighty glass in his shriveled, bony fingers, muttered and mumbled inaudibly some reply, as though for the moment even consciousness of his own shrewd deed had gone from him. Then, very swiftly, and without warning, the long, wild hands pushed aside those other detaining hands, as he struggled up in the hard, ragged bed, the ghastly face convulsed, and every last hint of blood in the horrible body sent into it by this one mad effort to speak. Even the big, wrathful term of justice shrank from him for the moment, as he cried shrilly:

"What o' him? What o' him? Ah! but it's let him—die—let him die—let him die, says old Hardman! What—is it—to me who dies—if—I go free! Ah! Ah! Good Lord!" once more broke off the faint voice in abject terror, the horrible form falling back upon the bed, its bony hands outspread vaguely to keep off the terrible Guest who had pushed aside the door, and must enter in spite of resistance. "Lord! Lord! There he—is! Him—him an' ther smile upon his face—an' his eyes— Lord! Lord! Save me!"

Perhaps it was the first time in all his long life that such a cry crossed his lips, or those long, grasping hands lifted towards the heavens for mercy. But, in truth, there was need. If ever there was a soul needed to pray, purple lips any cry for pardon, for the mighty Guest above the ghastly face, had laid its death-cold hand upon this creature, and had shut out forever the beautiful sunlight, that would creep up over the bare boards, over the bed's foot, up and up, across the ghastly hands, even reaching to pity upon the distorted face.

And, murderer though she knew him to be in intention, if not in act—the winner of her friend's lover, the slayer of Roy Hilton—clouded life—yet Kitty Belaire covered her sweet eyes with her trembling hands and let the pitying tears overflow. Then—who knows—a silent prayer went up with this blood-stained soul to the merciful throne where there is no evading the justice that reigns supreme.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GONE.

And in spite of the bitter anger in his heart against this man for the willful wrong done Roy Hilton, Frank Whitney turned from the bedside to the woman shrinking from such a sight, and whatever of anger was in his heart died out, looking in her pale, beautiful, merciful face as he held out his hands and lead her from the room very kindly, very gravely, as though it were not meet for other words to be uttered after that wild cry for mercy from dying lips.

His hand was strong but gentle, holding here within it, and the brave, strong-hearted Kittie Belaire knew that this was a friend whom she would safely trust as she went with him down the steep, bare, creaking stairs to the still barer kitchen, over whose stove the man above had cooked their breakfast and every a time during the past winter—the last winter of his life! She smiled up at him through her tears and drew her hand from his very softly and gratefully.

"I am quite myself now, Mr. Whitney," she said, in the soft, low, musical voice it was good for any one to hear. "I was so startled and—and sorry—"

If in truth she were herself—calm, self-controlled Kittie Belaire—why should these soft words tremble and break and stop short upon the quivering red mouth? At any rate the handsome young lawyer considered it necessary to retain the small, soft hand in his as he placed a chair for her near the stove—where but a faint trace of heat remained. The woman was not there.

"You are exhausted," he said, calmly, and with an authority rather pleasant than otherwise, glancing about the bare room.

"You have followed out my wishes so well, Miss Kittie, that you have overtaxed yourself. But thank Heaven, we were in time, and this deadly wrong may at last be righted—this terrible wrong that placed such a dark cloud upon a brave and true and noble a heart as was ever upon God's earth!"

"And his wife!" said Kittie, softly, with a grave glance up in the handsome face above her. "It will be so good—so good for Helen to know!"

"It shall be the one to break the good news to her, Miss Kittie," said Mr. Whitney, smiling, though there was upon both their faces the trace of an emotion not to be easily erased after that scene in the room overhead.

"But this woman?" she asked, presently, the deadened sound of footsteps in the room above rather disheartening—remembering what had been there and was not now.

"Yes—the woman!" said Frank Whitney, with a sigh. "He implores him in the extent—laying the height of the crime upon her—that we must not let her escape. She came from the room some time ago. She must be somewhere hereabouts—"

But nowhere could they find her, though they searched the house through. From one room to another—each as bare and dreary as the others—but only the harsh vacancy of the rooms answered their low calling.

"And now we've settled him," said the hired man, John King, as he entered the kitchen some few minutes later, with his brother detectives and the boy. "Now that we've settled him, Mr. Whitney, we will attend to this charming woman who is the only one left upon whom to set the dogs of the law. And a mighty ticklish scent it's been, let me tell you, with this sharp old man and the still sharper woman, both willing to sell their last shred of soul for money. A mighty ticklish thing it's been! And if it hadn't been for Tom, here—Tom, where are you, my lad—perhaps we'd have never made such a clear case as we have. But it's for the woman to bear it now, and it's her I'm after! Where is she, Mr. Whitney? Tom—you boys—Miss Belaire—gone! Lord! You don't say it! Phew!" The disconcerted man fell back a couple of steps, and his face was a mirror of blankness for a moment. Then he straightened himself, leaving the house almost before the others comprehended his intention.

"Yes, I'm going," he said, sententiously. "I don't give her up so easy as this! She's a shrewd! If ever there was one, and she'll have to meet her fate! I wouldn't have let her go," he paused for a moment in the doorway to address the anxious; "I have to beg that I may let her go not for all the money the old miser has been hiding with his sharp claws for these dozen years or so. No! I'd let him go cheerfully in preference to her, if it'd had to be either way! And I'll run her down, sharp as she is."

"Wait!" said Frank Whitney, rising hurriedly, and detaining him by a hand upon his shoulder, ere he vanished from the doorway. "Wait one moment, Cunninghan! Is it the man who backed up these two villains you discovered working their plan against Mr. Hilton, and where are they? We must know that before you go!"

For an instant—and only for an instant—the man's face changed to one of anger and fear. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and in doing so, shook off the lawyer's detaining hand, and stepped from the doorway to the hard beneath. His eyes went from one to another among them, and then lighted upon the boy. A slow, keen, remarkable smile curved his lips, as he answered distinctly and slowly—as he spoke to the dying man:

"I've no time to tell you—now. It's a long story. The lad there'll give you his name—maybe, if you ask! Eh, Tom, lad?" And with a chuckle of exultation he was gone into the wood, some of them quite swinging his direction he chose in his track of the woman who proved herself even more shrewd than he had believed her, and made good use of the half-hour's start.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUSPICION.

The house was terrible after the scene just enacted, and Frank Whitney, knowing that Miss Kittie Belaire was very unhappy during every moment of their sad decided, tried to would go with her to the city, leaving the detective in possession of the house, the body and the men with them John King, or Cunninham as he called him, had secured in the barn, as soon as he knew the old miser was dying.

Since that night when they had agreed upon the tall stranger at the Nyack depot, the new man—for he went by that name now—had entered upon the life on the farm—bided his time for making sure of these men, also on the watch for some treachery toward himself, knowing that they understood his calling, and the cause of his coming for work to their master.

It was a pretty rough struggle for him to catch the two, for they were burly men, and more than equal to him in weight and muscles, but what he may have lacked in this he balanced by brain power; and telling that the decisive moment had come, he called the boy to his assistance, and facing them as they were at work in the barn, ordered them quietly at the muzzle of his revolver. For John King was a wary man, and knew the value of such weapons.

He could never have taken them, however, without such aid, for they were desperate, knowing that their schemes had exposed their character and earning gold through his enemy was discovered; but looking into the cold muzzle of the revolver, and being heartily assured that the first of them who stirred or attempted to escape should have the contents of one of the chambers into him, they could do no more than scowl darkly upon him and allow the boy to tie their hands and feet, this being the only manner in which the detective could secure them at that time.

"There is no need for us to remain here longer, and I think you should return home, Miss Kittie," said Mr. Whitney, with the accustomed thoughtfulness for comfort. "You men can hold this place until Cunningham returns, or until the proper authorities are notified of the man's death and officers brought to arrest the men implicated in this affair. The boy here—Tom, I think I—will go to the village and report his master's death, and I will give him an order for police to come for them. It is useless for us to remain. When Cunningham returns, whether successful or not, and I scarcely dare hope that he will be, send me on a despatch at once. As to the man here, one of the murderers—"

The memory of that terrible death-scene where the old man, in his terror and delirium of death, betrayed his murderous deed and that of his niece, brought the swift pallor to Miss Kittie's cheeks; and her friend, always thoughtful, refrained from further mention of him. And after preparing the police order for the boy and speaking a few kindly words, his face very winning in its brave thought, he and Miss Belaire left the room and the house, leaving the saddle-horse for one of the other men, and entering the carriage, were driven back to Nyack, during which journey she shivered from the depot at Nanuet, where he would probably be recognized.

"It was horrible! Horrible!" said Kittie; and Mr. Whitney considered it necessary that his hand should be upon hers, as they rolled back along the dreary road beside the wood in those depths a noble life was ended. "If it were not that this must absolutely clear Mr. Hilton from the least hint of crime, I could find it in my heart to wish we had not come. See how selfish I am, Mr. Whitney."

She looked quite incapable of such a trait of character, and so Frank thought Mr. Whitney, though he said nothing in reply, his smile down into those earnest, half-smiling, half-tearful eyes proving more than words.

"And to think," she added, presently, still more earnestly, a shadow falling across her face, "that the man who would have and has done his best against Helen and her husband is——"

"And you have not mistrusted him before?" queried the lawyer, gravely, searching her face. "Even when we talked about him in the office one day, and you denied that he was your friend, you still held no suspicion of what he was doing to harm Roy Hilton and his wife?"

She shook her head.

"I have never liked him," she replied slowly. "I could never have trusted him; but that he would descend to such plotting and such assistance, I have never thought—"

"Because a man is handsome and wealthy, is it impossible that he should do wrong?" listed her companion, with a sudden flash in his eyes. "Money gives power, Miss Kittie, and an accomplished villain can do more harm through being able to work his plans with precision and skill than a man who has neither money nor education. I would prefer dealing with the two of these rough men than with this Cunningham."

"Of course you know," said Miss Belaire positively; "you have enough experience, Mr. Whitney! But I think—I wish—I were not for Mr. Hilton and his wife—that we had not come here. There is something so terrible about a man like—like this Hardman to die with this—upon his soul—"

"You must forget it at once," said Mr. Whitney, with a smile that Kittie's heart would have been better for you to have remained away from that room, Miss Kittie. But, of course, Cunningham and the other men did not think. They wished as many witnesses as they could obtain, and they did not stop to think of the effect of such a scene upon a sensitive mind and a generous heart."

"And shall you tell Mr. Hilton at once what we have discovered?" asked Miss Belaire, by and by, as they paced the station platform, waiting for the train. "It is such good news for him! How he must have suffered and how he must have feared! How would he ever people could keep them apart even with this cloud upon his name. They might have trusted him enough to be certain he could not have murdered any one, especially a man he called his friend and hero!"

For a moment Frank Whitney was silent, and then he said very slowly and gravely, as though it were some difficult task he would performed.

"Miss Belaire, there are those outside of her family who have suspected Hilton—suspected him even against their will or the judgment of their hearts. Daring that illness of his—yes, even during his confinement before the trial—he uttered such strange words that even I—I who stood his friend, have been doubt and truest friend—was forced at times to believe that in some moment of great passion he had killed Chesney. No! I'm not know as well as I how jealousy has lived in his family always. You know how difficult it is for him to be certain that Mr. Chesney once loved his wife. You doubtless think me unkind and unjust; but, even so, I must acknowledge to you that I did at one time, and though that was during delirium, there was enough of truth in the possibility to force me against my will to hold that there was some truth in the words—that he would hold as nothing any man's life who breathed insult against Helen. I tell you this to show you what a struggle I have had to come true to my friendship. Even his wife has been forced at times—I could see it in her eyes and hear it in her voice—to believe that rather than give utterance to the fact—to believe that he did commit that murder. It is through her at times I have seen the proof of my fear and link in the chain that so strangely bound he husband, that we decided upon sending Cunningham to the farm to be certain that Mr. Chesney was something in his face and the face of his niece, when the trial was on, and the knowledge then given that Chesney was against him, that first led us to suspect him. Chesney was a gamer in this law firm, knew, perhaps, more than he should, of this man's dealings.

"There remained to be cleared the outcome of their quarrel, and the footprints following George, and we would not yield when often discouragement said to us."

(To be Continued.)

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Stranger—Got a big thing here—want to show it to her. Sit her down, boys: "Winterbottom's Patent Throne and——

—Folding Bed."—*Puck.*

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In Monochrome.

CHAPTER I.

A place of hills; perpetual ascent and descent, as the knobs interlace and overlap, leaving plateaux along the rivers. Upward, other plateaux, higher spurs, again and yet again, as if they seek heaven's blue. As the eye marks new lost, and in the far distant they melt in the sapphire necklaces of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany.

Along the rivers, on the gradual slopes above, lies what is known as the Piedmont country. The tracts were once plantations, rich river bottoms, and fertile cotton lands, but now divided into small patches, tenanted by poor whites, or, as called by the negroes, "poor buckras."

Very few colored people will rent lands inaccessible to village centers, and those who do so are regarded by village "upper crust" as very third class indeed.

Here, upon what was a small principality, "squatted" a family by the name of Foster. They were aristocrats originally, but severely added to isolation, had caused retrogression, and gradually, insensibly almost, they had allowed the nice distinctions of high breeding to prolapse, and as gradually had crept in the solecisms of those among whom they were thrown. There is nothing more pitiful than trying to accommodate oneself to circumstances that threaten extirpation.

Nothing so pollutes culture and engenders coarseness as contact with the vulgar. "Once a lady, always a lady," holds only under certain contingencies. Constant association with pots and kettles leaves a "smut."

There is no law of heredity in our broad land, no distinction of peer or peasant. The cook of to-day may be society's queen to-morrow; but society's queen at the tub is—indubitably—a wash-woman.

They who live intellectually live twice, a physical life and a soul life; but their soul had lived so long unintellectually that the soul was compressed to a monad, and events transpiring in the outer world were as distant as if occurring in one of the fixed stars. Newspapers were chimeras, and save for the stray items brought by drivers of apple or tobacco teams passing down from North Carolina, the Fosters abided in ignorance.

The heads of the family had been patterned in. It is a fact reliance upon which regards the divine establishment of slavery could insure the old colonel of eternal salvation, but he was unused, and had degenerated on the place, or the remnant of it. He had married a woman of plebeian birth, and reared many sons and daughters who were now drifting out on small patches of thirty feet. One girl only remained at home. Her name was Liny. She was sixteen, and read but haltingly; of writing and cipherring the less said the better. But she knew every creek head and bloomy tangle for miles. She penetrated the wild pigeons' roost, and where were the best partridge covers.

She made friends of the rocks and crimson laurels. She never tired of telling Nath what the birds and stones said to her. He was a half breed, and rented, but was more hunter than cropper. His ideas were not very intelligent, but upon one point he was explicit—"that Liny was shot down plum from ther heavingly plantation in er cirkis balloon twined with blue morning glories."

The Fosters' home was a small frame upright with leanto. A silver branch rioted near, overhung by spreading tulips and willows. It was the place to which Liny returned when weary of

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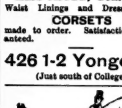

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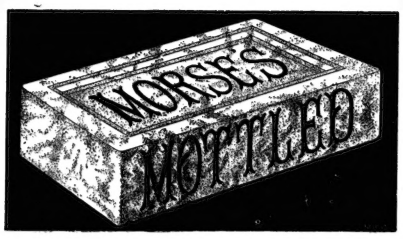

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HAMILTON.

The first dance given after Lent was Mrs. Grant's, last Thursday evening, when a very jolly time was enjoyed by those present. The music was perfect and many new numbers appeared on the programme and were well played by the orchestra. There were about sixty present and among them were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Misses Gartshore, Dunlop, Dawar, Lottridge, Gillard, Findlay, Briggs, Holden, Roach, Hobson, A. Hobson, Mackenzie, Fuller, Mesdames McAdams, Whatley, Birkett, Mr. and Mrs. Beasly, Messrs. Patterson, Gansby, Oxenham, Ambey, Bellhouse, Billet, Gartshore, Sandford, Young, Hobson, Dr. Osborne, J. Osborne, Alexander, Gerard, Logie, Lauder, Garrett. The gowns were exceedingly *chic* and handsome. Mrs. Howse of Whitby grey *crepe de chine*; Miss Lily Grant, white silk and tulle; Miss Whatley, cream silk; Mrs. Lottridge, a beautiful gown of black satin with white brocade and silver; Miss Lottridge, blue *crepe de chine*; Miss Roach, white and silver; Miss Briggs, white silk with silver and mauve ribbons; Miss Dawar, crimson net with velvet bodice; Miss Fuller, green and pink brocade; Miss Dunlop, pale blue silk and jet; Miss Gillard, white tulle; Miss Hobson, white silk; Miss Findlay, pale pink silk; Mrs. Reynolds, *eau de nile* silk; Mrs. Beasly, yellow satin and lace; Mrs. McAdams, black silk and lace.

Miss Barker, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Messrs. Clinch, Stuart, J. Hendrie and W. Hendrie, jr., were among the Hamiltonians who attended the horse show in Toronto on Saturday.

Mrs. and the Misses Dawar have returned home after visiting friends in Toronto for the last two months.

Miss Domville of St. Johns', N. B., is the guest of Mrs. Domville, her aunt, King street east.

Mr. J. E. O'Reilly, his mother and daughter, have returned from Nassau, all very much improved in health, and are charmed with life in the Bahamas.

Miss Aylwyn is the guest of Mrs. Ridley.

Prof. O'Brien has spent the last two weeks in New York studying matters musical and operatic.

The annual meeting of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club was held on Saturday evening. This being the first the officers were elected, and one of the most pleasant of the duties performed was a presentation of a steerer's wheel in gold, with a crown of diamonds in the center, underneath it being a maple leaf and anchor in blue and white enamel, to their worthy commodore, Senator Sanford, who has interested himself a great deal in the club. He made a fitting reply, and was much astonished by the presentation, it being a genuine surprise. The club has now over six hundred members, and yachting is, in all probability, the favorite sport for this summer.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan was presented with a beautiful chain bangle from the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society of Toronto, after singing for them last Friday evening, at Convocation Hall where they held a debate.

Miss Marie Tempest again drew large audiences to witness her fascinating performances of Dorothy and Carmen. She was in capital voice both nights and was as piquant and bewitching and mischievous as ever, and simply captivated her audiences, who brought her before the curtain after each act. Among those who enjoyed listening to this charming artiste were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Miss Bruce, Dr. and Mrs. Ridley, Miss Ambrose, Mrs. Ridley, Mrs. MacLaren, Mrs. Gibb, Miss Howard, Mr. Gansby, Miss Duncan, Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Miss Mills, Miss Doolittle, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Frank Wanzer, Mrs. and Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. H. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Connsell and many others.

Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank gave a small tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. Gibb of Toronto, who is her guest.

Mr. J. Y. Osborne and Mr. W. Hendrie, jr., attended the Grenadiers' third assembly, last Thursday evening.

Miss Alice and Beatrice Walker were At Home to their many young friends last Friday afternoon, from four to six. SYLVIA.

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Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

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The Professor—Did you ever read that romantic old novel, The Children of the Abbey?

Miss Ingenue—Why, I didn't know an Abbe ever had Children!

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6 Doors North of Queen

The natty spring colors are dotted over the store like flowers on a sunny day. How bright and cheerful 202 is to do your buisness in, not a dull or a dark spot in the store.

UNDERWEAR

The ladies should all know by this time that we are selling Page's underwear for ladies and children. We have a fitting room in the department, and Page's old customers will find the same reliable goods sold by that firm at a great deal lower prices. We can't let anyone get us into the old rut of long profits, we must have the latest, newest goods at the lowest ordinary prices.

MILLINERY

When we say we have the very finest Millinery show room in Canada we only reiterate what thousands of ladies have told us. No prettier, brighter place can be conceived in which to choose the head wear for spring. Pattern bonnets direct from Paris is a leading feature, at lest than half the prices usually charged for such goods.

MANTLES

Short Jackets we have in great variety and so low in price that you might think the goods common, but not so. Examine the quality and you'll see McKendry's prices transform the appearance of things and point out to you how much more you've been paying than you ought. Letter orders receive the personal attention of the firm, and are sure to receive proper attention. If you can't come write to

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Pay us a visit and see our NEW designs in Hangings and Decorations. Here you will see ALL GRADES from the HIGHEST CLASS of Relief Decorations to the cheaper grades

Our Window Shades and Room Mouldings invite your critical inspection.

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Manufactory, 950 Yonge Street

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THE whole year will be bright if you make your rooms bright with the very choice WALL PAPERS we are showing this season. An immense selection.

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Richly Tinted Fine French Delaines in delightful and exclusive effects. The latest Paris Novelties shown by The Bon Marche.

FRENCH COSTUME DRESSES

Enchanting Designs and exceedingly rich materials, the choicest and most captivating styles yet imported.

FASCINATING FRENCH SATEENS

A wonderful blending of delicate colorings, really masterpieces, possessing artistic merit.

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Innumerable makes, from the modest 4-button to the long 32-button that reaches the shoulder.

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Thousands of designs. A host of styles. The most fastidious can be pleased in this department.

And Hundreds of other Lines of Choice Goods AT - - IRRESISTIBLY LOW PRICES - -

ALL NEXT WEEK AT THE BON MARCHE - - 7 & 9 King Street East

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Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his

LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

FOR SALE BY RETAIL

The stock comprises

Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.

Will be sold off in small lots by

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Such an opportunity of buying really First-Class Goods at LOW PRICES seldom occurs. The goods are all new and fresh, being this season's importation from the best European manufacturers.

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THE APEX OF Musical Art Manufacture IS THE MASON & RISCH = PIANO =

Webster defines the word Apex as the tip point or summit of anything, and it is universally acknowledged that

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO

Forms the apex and crowning point of the Musical Pyramid of Canadian Manufacture.

We claim to have rescued the Canadian piano from reproach, and by skill and perseverance to have made an instrument

THE ADMIRATION OF MUSICIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE BROAD BASE OF MERIT

Upon which the reputation of our Piano rests consists of their unsurpassed

BEAUTY OF TONE | ELASTICITY OF TOUCH | CHASTE ELEGANCE OF DESIGN | EXTRAORDINARY DURABILITY

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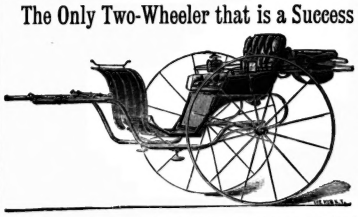
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



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Mr. J. J. Dillon and Associate British Artists

Have instructed subscribers to sell BY AUCTION, WITHOUT RESERVE IN THE MART, 57 King Street East ON

Monday, 20th, and Tuesday, 21st Insts.

Commencing at 2 30 p.m., each day, an important and valuable collection of

High Class Pictures

forwarded directly from the artists' studios and comprising works by exhibitors in the Royal Academy, the Salon, Paris; the Albert Gallery, Edinburgh; Liverpool Art Gallery, Royal Hibernian Academy, etc.

These popular sales are now well known and appreciated, and we have pleasure in commending to special notice the present collection, which is the most excellent yet placed in our hands.

On view SATURDAY, 18th, and morning of the sale.

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FREE With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

Your Portrait in Crayon

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Fathers = = and = = Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

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IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE AUCTION SALE OF ELEGANT AND VALUABLE

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Upright Mahogany Pianoforte (new), Cottage Piano, Handsome Crimson Drawing-room Suite, Fancy Tables, Easels, Bric-a-Brac and Ornaments, Valuable Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings, Fancy Chairs, Sideboard and Dining-room Furniture, Elegant Silver and Plateware, China, Glassware and Table Napery, Latest Improved Gas Stove with hot water connections, Cooking Utensils, Kitchen Sideboard and Furniture, White and Tennesee Marble-topped Bedroom Suites, Handsome Cherry Bedroom Suite, Mattresses and large quantity Bedding, Library Furniture, Bookcase and Valuable Books, Brussels, Wilton and Tapestry Carpets, Chenille Portiers, Lace Curtains and Poles, Handsome Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures, Garden Tools and Hose.

Everything to be sold without reserve, at the residence of R. G. Wilkie, 661 Spadina Avenue ON

Tuesday, April 28

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK

JNO. M. McFARLANE & CO., Auctioneers.

H.S. Morison & Co.

216 AND 218 YONGE STREET

HAVE PREPARED

1500 SPRING JACKETS

In several lots from $2.75 upwards to $5.00 each, worth double this price and more.
Ladies desirous of getting real bargains should not fail to inspect them, and will doubtless be suited.
We also wish to draw attention to our excellent assortment of

SILKS, DRESS GOODS, &c.

Among which we are showing an All-Wool Tweed in the most fashionable colors and designs at only 50 cents per yard, double width.

DRESSMAKING OUR SPECIALTY

H. S. MORISON & CO.

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NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

15 Cases Now to Hand

PLAIN AND FANCY TWEEDS

In Checks, Polka Dots, Cheviots and Snowflakes, at 70c, 75c, 90c, $1.15, $1.25

44 INCH VIGOREAN SUITINGS

Newest Shades of Fawns and Grays at 60c and 75c; Extra Wide, $1.50

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In the city, 35c and 45c. All newest shades in SILK VELVETS AND VELVETEENS.
The latest Foreign Novelties in Black and Mourning Dress Goods.
Styles shown only by ourselves.

R. WALKER & SONS

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Books and Magazines.

No. 295 of the *Leisure Hour* Library (F. M. Lupton, publisher, New York) is Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales complete. Readers of standard fiction may thus procure Fennimore Cooper's five best novels for the reasonable sum of fifty cents.

Bank Chat for March is interesting with the editor's serial and its other features.

Messrs. John W. Lovell & Co. of Montreal have issued a book interesting to Montrealers, An Historical Report and Census of the City of Montreal and its Suburbs.

Belford's Magazine for April contains a complete novel, Slipnots, by Jeanette H. Walworth. The Carnival at Nice is another interesting contribution. Mr. Arthur Grundy of Ottawa has a poem entitled Show Us What You Are. The other articles are interesting.

The chief attraction for Canadians in the current number of the *New England Magazine* is W. Blackburn Harte's article on Canadian Art and Artists, which will be dealt with elsewhere. By far the most interesting paper however, is Reminiscences of an Egoist, published anonymously. The writer probably lives in Boston. At any rate it has the genuine Massachusetts smack. It resembles in style many papers which have appeared in the *Atlantic* and is very humorous. Living Electricians is a well illustrated paper. The poetry and fiction are good, as are the articles on miscellaneous subjects.

Haslam Vocal Society.

The Haslam Vocal Society have engaged the celebrated tenor, Herr Dippel, of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to take the place of Mlle. De Vere at its concert on April 30. Of this artist the American paper speak in the highest terms, and he has been engaged to sing the leading tenor parts at the great festival in New York. The other artists engaged are Myron W. Whitney of Boston, the world renowned basso, and Mlle. Flavie Van Den Heuvel of New York, violincellist. The programme to be rendered by the society is of special excellence, and, together with the solo numbers, will combine to make the concert one of the successes of the season.

Messrs. Oliver, Coate & Co. will sell by auction without reserve on Monday and Tuesday next a collection of high class pictures by Mr. J. J. Dillon and other British artists. As this sale will comprise pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy and at European salons intending purchasers will find it worth while to attend.

Out of Town.

ORANGEVILLE.

The third annual assembly of the bachelors of Orangeville took place in the Town Hall recently. It was an elaborate affair and formed the event of the season. About one hundred and fifty guests were present. The arrangements were in charge of an energetic committee and nothing was left undone to ensure the success of the gathering and the pleasure and comfort of the guests. The hall was tastefully decorated, the music inspiring, the menu all that could be desired, and the costumes were both elegant and costly. Dancing was commenced about ten o'clock and was continued until four a.m. Mr. A. G. McKenney acted as honorary secretary, and the committee in charge of the affair was composed as follows: Messrs. W. Wallace, William Fleming, J. C. Browne, Phil. Smyth, T. Dower, A. H. Turnbull, H. Sweeney, W. H. Hill, Charles Brown, G. L. Aiken, P. G. Bauch, Edward Thompson, and H. Ferguson. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames Fleming, Aiken, Bauch, Robertson, Ferguson, and Thompson.

The following is the guest list: Misses Lily Ray, Tessie Smyth, and Hickey, Messrs. W. E. Davidson, C. A. Davies, W. J. Cunnington, W. Hassard, Alfred Wood of the *Mail*, A. Hall, Attorney Machon, J. E. Flint, H. W. Briggs, M. J. Duboies, H. C. Coates of Toronto, Miss Lillie White of Hamilton, Miss Laura Milloy of Preston, Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. W. Galbraith of Georgetown, Mr. W. P. Ryan of Brampton, Mr. H. Campbell of Owen Sound, Miss V. McMorris of Erin, Misses Mary McEneany, Alice McEneany, Annie E. Colter, Jessie McMillan, Kate McEneany and Maggie McMillan, Messrs. J. J. McEneany and Arch. McMillan of Cataract, Miss Bench, Messrs. M. J. Bench and Francis Bench of Camilla, Misses Nellie Witter and Mary Witter, Mr. E. Thompson of Shelburne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Bench, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Graham, Mrs. Wm. Fleming, Mrs. B. McGuire, sr., Miss Christian, Miss Moody, Miss Grace Grey, Miss Hughes, Miss Austin, Miss Martha Hill, Miss Ada Hill, Miss Emma Mann, Miss Jean Mann, Miss Caldwell, Miss Irving, Miss A. McGuire, Miss Dolan, Miss MacMillan, Miss Thomas, Miss Florence Henry, Miss Gertie Irvine, Miss E. Riley, Miss A. Fisher, Miss Ralph, Miss Stevens, Messrs. A. G. McKenney, W. Wallace, T. Donner, P. Smyth, H. Sweeney, Charles Brown, Fred. Ritchie, W. H. Hill, Jos. Hill, Alex. Mann, T. T. Paul, R. J. McConnell, Jas. Henry, Fred. Elliott, W. McKennedy, R. Shields, R. J. Hughes, W. Hughes, Wm. McKim, Robt. Robinson, Thos. Robinson, T. J. Bennett, J. Hulse, W. M. Armstrong, H. Gillespie, Duncan Moody, W. W. Bradley, and F. J. Bradley of Orangeville.

Ain't It.

There was a much pblaindy happiness in der world but not much many fellers cood got dheir share of it.

Olt Fadder Time makes round his wheels und sets efery ting rigut side up vat hann't been down side left.

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Over "The Bell," 86 Yonge St., near King
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100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SANFORD—At Statenborough, Barrie, on the 11th inst., the wife of S. J. Sanford—a daughter.
MILNE—At Toronto, on April 8, Mrs. J. A. Milne—a daughter.
DEWAR—At Pickering, on April 8, Mrs. Dewar, Chippewa—a son.
TATE—At Toronto, on March 26, Mrs. Wallis C. Tate—a son.
BROWN—At Toronto, on April 5, Mrs. W. G. Brown—a son.
LITSTER—At Toronto, on April 5, Mrs. T. H. Litster—a daughter.
FYTTER—At Toronto, on April 5, Mrs. T. Alfred Fotter—a daughter.
WOOD—At Port Colborne, on April 6, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood—a son.
WATSON—At Toronto, on March 12, Mrs. J. H. Watson—a son.
CLARRY—At Toronto, on April 5, Mrs. H. E. Clarry—a son.
GEDDES—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 26, Mrs. Thomas Geddes—a son.
HENDERSON—At Biggleswade, England, on April 2, Mrs. W. P. Henderson—a son.
MCARTHUR—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. M. L. McArthur—twins, son and daughter.
GORDON—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. H. H. Gordon—a son.
THOMAS—At London, Ont., on April 10, Mrs. W. G. Thomas—a daughter.
SANKEY—At Toronto, on April 10, at Mrs. Villiers Sankey—a son.
HARCOURT—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. E. H. Harcourt—a son.
WILLIS—At Port Hope, on April 10, Mrs. John L. Willis—a son.

Marriages.

MARTIN-HAMILTON—At Hamilton, on April 7, Kirwan Martin to Mabel Frances Hamilton, second daughter of the Lord Bishop of Niagara.
CAMPBELL-HASSARD—On April 8, A. E. Campbell to Alice Hassard.
CLISSOLD—SPURGEON—At Toronto, on April 9, Malcolm Clissold to Edna Spurgeon.
MCFAUL—MCCABE—At Toronto, on April 8, W. B. McFaul to Mary E. T. McCabe.
STILES—BRADSHAW—At Toronto, on April 7, Edgar Filmore Stiles to Louisa Jane Bradshaw.
MITTLEBURGER—SOMERS—On April 8, George B. Mittleburger to Clara Somers.
HALL—WALLACE—At Waubaushene, on April 6, G. F. Hall to Marion Wallace.
BROWNE—CHRISTIE—At Toronto, on April 13, Hume D. Browne to Edna Lizzie Christie.
BOULTON—HARMS—At Horsham, Sussex, Eng., on March 31, Alexander Claude Foster Boulton to Florence Marian Harms.
ROBERTS—MARSH—At Mason City, Iowa, on April 8, Frank Roberts to Perrie Isabel Marsh.
INGE—SAMS—At St. Jude's South Kensington, on April 2, by Rev. the Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, brother of the bridegroom, John Walter Inge, Lieutenant Colonel, Royal Horse Artillery, son of the late Rev. Charles Inge, Dean Hill, Leicestershire to Carrie J. Sams, daughter of Philip Vavasor Robin of Toronto, Canada, widow of Charles Hamilton Sams, Lieutenant Colonel 64th Regiment.

Deaths.

GREEN—At Toronto, on April 8, William Green, aged 40 years.
WIDGERY—At Toronto, on April 9, William Moss Widgery, aged 56 years.
WALKER—At Toronto, on April 9, Lewis Leslie Walker, aged 47 years.
MCLEAN—At Springfield on the Credit, on April 9, Charles Mitchell, aged 59 years.
GUNDY—At Toronto, on April 7, George Samuel, infant son of Frederick and Maude Gundy.
MACGREGOR—At Elora, on April 7, Jane Macgregor, aged 88 years.
SKELDING—At Scarboro' Village, on April 7, Elizabeth Skelding, aged 74 years.
BEHRENS—At Washington, on April 1, Percival Behrens, aged 1 year.
MCLEAN—At Vellore, on March 29, John McLean, aged 42 years.
MAGEE—At Napanee, on April 4, John J. Magee, B.A., aged 47 years.
THOMPSON—At Galt, on April 7, William Thompson, aged 46 years.
BURGESS—At Mimico, on April 12, William Burgess, sen., aged 52 years.
SCARFE—At Brantford, on April 11, W. J. Scarfe, aged 47 years.
MIDDLETON—At Toronto, Joseph Middleton, aged 26 years.
MACDOUGALL—At Bowmanville, on April 10, Jennett MacDougall, aged 81 years.
PRINGLE—At Toronto, on April 8, Florence Van Igen Pringle.
ELLIOTT—At Toronto, on April 10, Elizabeth Elliott.
MITCHELL—At Toronto, on April 10, Ethel Audrene, infant daughter of William E. and Sara Mitchell.
HAYNES—At Toronto, on April 2, Hampton Goodman Haynes, aged 4 months.
WILSON—At San Francisco, on March 28, Robert Wilson.
WELLS—At Eversley, Joseph Wells, aged 93 years.
CRAIG—At Toronto, on April 11, Nora Helen Craig, aged 4 days.
CONRON—At Barrie, on April 11, Rev. M. B. Conron.
GOLDRING—At Toronto, William Goldring, aged 79 years.
ARNOLD—At Thornhill, on April 9, Colonel A. Arnold, aged 87 years.
CRYSLER—At Toronto, on April 10, Wm. H. Crysler, aged 38 years.
LITTLE—On April 9, Francis Eric Little, aged 3 years.
OLIVER—On April 10, Jeannie A. Oliver.

TRY
SIMCOE
GRATED
PUMPKIN
CANNING CO.'S
MAKES DELICIOUS
PUMPKIN PIES

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 358½ Yonge Street, 373 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

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Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2686.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

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Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

DIAMONDS.
G. E. TROREY
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

REMOVAL

We beg to announce to our patrons and the public generally that, owing to our warerooms at 117 King Street West being destroyed by fire, we have opened out new warerooms at

89 KING STREET WEST

where we shall be pleased to meet our friends.

We have stocked those large and commodious premises with an entirely new stock of Pianos of the latest and most elegant designs from our factory, West Toronto Junction, and respectfully solicit intending purchasers and others to call and examine them. We are prepared to offer

Special Bargains for the Next 30 Days

Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of same in the future, we remain,

Respectfully,

HEINTZMAN & CO.
89 KING STREET WEST.

P. S.—Those Pianos are entirely new, our stock at 117 King Street West being completely destroyed by the fire.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.

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Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
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Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaints	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Disorders
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CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

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Mention this paper.

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Particular attention has been given to our Boys' Suits this year. As a result we have now on hand such a diversity of styles and patterns as has never before been placed before the public

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